The Post

Sunday Special

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NO. 619. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER] SUNDAY JUNE 24, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION FEARED IN RUSSIA

PORTUGUESE TROOPS IN ACTION AT ARMENTIERES.

BIG GUNS ACTIVE ALL ALONG WEST FRONT.

BULGARIANS CLAIM BRITISH PRISONERS AFTER BAYONET FIGHT.

Sir Douglas Haig reports that in the course of patrol encounters south of Armentieres Portuguese troops killed or captured the whole of a German patrol. There was artillery activity at various other places along our front.

On the French front the artillery duel continued throughout the day, especially in the sector to the south and south-east of Filain and in the Craonne-Chevreux region, but there was no infantry action. The Germans shelled Rheims throughout the day, 1200 shells falling on the town.

Details of the recent fighting at Guillemont Farm are given by the Press Association special correspondent. Furious hand-to-hand fighting took place, and the enemy had nothing to show but losses, the attacking party having all been killed, wounded, captured, or driven out of our lines.

Russia is faced with a new menace in the shape of a counter-revolution. This fact is emphasised in a stirring appeal issued to the Russian people by the numerous democratic organisations supporting the Provisional Government against street demonstrations. As an outcome of these grave disorders might arise, and Russian freedom be endangered, as demonstrations will be taken advantage of by those who are acting in secret in the interests of a counter-revolution, and who are awaiting the moment of differences in the democratic ranks.

The Bulgarians report having attacked with bombs and bayonet British outposts near the village of Mahmudia and dispersed a detachment, taking back some prisoners.

PORTUGUESE DESTROY GERMAN PATROL.

British General Headquarters,
France, 8.55 p.m., Saturday.

In the course of patrol encounters last night south of Armenteres Portuguese troops killed or captured the whole of a German patrol.

Beyond artillery activity on both sides at a number of places along our front there is nothing further of special interest to report.

FURIOUS HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

FRUITLESS GERMAN ATTACK.

NOTHING TO SHOW BUT LOSSES.

(From Press Association's Special Correspondent.)

British Headquaters, France, Saturday.

In a general way there has been no particular outstanding incident in the warfare of the past week along the British front.

The Portuguese troops who are holding a part of the line which was the scene of one of our earliest offensive operations in 1915, have been giving a splendid account of themselves.

The Germans have been bombarding and raiding their positions, presumably to test their metal and try and ascertain their strength. They have certainly inflicted casualties upon the troops of our oldest Ally, but they have themselves paid a price in dead and wounded which should once again teach them the folly of the peculiarly Boche habit of holding an enemy too cheaply.

Good Shots.

There are good rifle shots amongst our snipers are a source of great wo[rry] to the Huns.

Our Portuguese allies, who are always candid critics, call them "Good old Portugooser."

The little affair at Guillemont Farm in the small hours of yesterday morning is characteristic of the sort of activity which has gone on intermittently during the past week.

The Huns may have thought to catch our men nodding in what has temporarily become a pretty quiet bit of the front. They put down a heavy bombardment with everything they could bring to bear, and pounded the trenches rather badly. Shortly before two o'clock they came over in considerable force and got around the flanks of our position, only to find that the garrison had withdrawn.

Killed or Captured.

Whilst they were beginning to try and consolidate their gains our men were upon them bayonet and bomb, and there was a furious hand-to-hand fight. In a few minutes all that remained of the invaders were two small parties on forward sapheads. These held their ground for a little while, but by three o'clock the last of the enemy had been killed, wounded, captured, or driven out of the line, leaving him nothing but his losses to show as the fruits of his enterprise.

GREAT RUSH ON MONKEY MOUNTAIN.

FRENCH DEFY SELECTED WARRIORS.

Correspondents' Headquarters,
French Army, June 21.

The desperate fighting of the last three days on the plateau overlooking the Ailette Valley and on the eastern slopes of Mont Cormillet on the extreme right of the Champagne battlefield is explicable only when we bear in mind the urgent desire of the Crown Prince's Staff to regain the observatory line on the heights overlooking the Ailette and the valleys runing southwards to the Aisne on the one hand and the upper valley of the Suippe on the other.

Division after division has been exhausted in futile attempts to recapture these positions. On Wednesday morning the Germans launched their attack, which was preceded by the usual crushing artillery preparation against the trenches destined to be captured.

Half-Mile Invaded.

The yacem on round the shoulder of the hill overlooking the depression in which lies Vauxaillon, called by the French "Monkey Mountain," and with a perfectly-executed rush invaded half a mile of the French second line trench on the westren slopes of the mountain. So far the enterprise was successful.

The French on the plateau were obliged to abandon the trenches and fall back on the second line. The German shock troops attacked with amazing elan and self-confidence.

It was a warm summer morning, and these men came on in shirt sleeves, so confident were they that they would reach their assigned objectives and be relieved in time to sleep in comfort beyond the reach of the trench artillery. They calculated rightly.

Selected Warriors.

The admissions of prisoners prove beyond doubt that these carefully-selected warriors were relieved the moment they had fulfilled their appointed task, and vanished from the scene.

Almost before that happened the French had gathered themselves for a counter-attack, which was launched ninety minutes after the Boche attack, and recovered practically the whole of the front trench line. At the northern end of the position, where the slopes of Monkey Mountain rise with the steepness of a wall, the attack failed.

The attack was renewed on Wednesday evening, when one of the finest bombing fights of the war took place on the mountain side. The French came on with magnificent spirit.

When the night ended the French had regained half of the ground which had still to be recaptured from the Germans.—P.A. War Special.

1200 SHELLS FALL ON RHEIMS.

Paris, Saturday.

The following French official communique was issued to-night:—

On the Chemin des Dames the artillery duel continued throughout the day, especially in the sector to the south and south-east of Filain, and in the region of Craonne-Chevreux.

There was no infantry action.

The Germans continued to bombard Rheims to-day; 1200 shells fell on the town.

The day was calm on the rest of the front.

GREAT AUSTRIAN EXPLOSION.

Hundreds Killed, Missing, and Injured.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Weiner Zeitung, according to a Vienna telegram, publishes an autograph letter from the Emperor Carl to Count Clam Martiniz accepting his resignation and that of the entire Cabinet, but charging the Cabinet to remain in office until a new Ministy is formed.

Some light is thrown on Count Clam Martinic's failure by a remark of the Vienna correspondent of the Vossische Zeitung, who telegraphs that the Czechs have remained firm in complete and even passionate rejection of all plans and offers submitted to them.

The Government, the correspondent added, had refused all consideration of the case of the imprisoned Czech Deputies, and the case of Deputy Klofac especially may, he thinks, perhaps cause the Government great difficulty.

In the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath yesterday, in reply to an interpellation, the Minister of Defence stated that an explosion had occurred in the munitions factory at Bloeweg, probably owing to lack of caution in the trench mortar workshop.

The number of dead amounted to 136, while 170 were missing. Six hundred and twenty-five persons had been wounded, 520 of them slightly.

BEQUEST FOR BLACK WATCH MEN.

London, Saturday Night.

A bequest of £2000 is left to the 8th Battalion of the Black Watch in trust for hard and deserving cases among the families of the N.C.O.'s and men caused by the war under the will of Second-Lieutenant Henry Erskine Tyser, shipbroker, of Fenchurch Avenue, London, who was killed at Arras.

FIGHTING IN THE BALKANS.

BRITISH OUTPOSTS ATTACKED.

BULGARIANS CLAIM PRISONERS.

London, Saturday Night.

There is evidence of renewed activity in the Balkans.

In the Ceria Bend the artillery fire has been fairly violent, and around Lake Doiran and Lake Butkovo somewhat extensive reconnoitring operations have been carried out.

In a communique issued in Sofia the Bulgarians claim to have captured some British prisoners, horses, arms, &c., as the result of an attack on the northern slope of Mount Krucha. A reconnoitring detachment is said to have advanced as far as the summit of the mountain near the village of Mahmudia, and attacked British outposts with bombs and bayonet, dispersing our detachments.

BOMB AND BAYONET BATTLE.

VIOLENT ARTILLERY FIRE

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following communique was issued in Sofia yesterday:—

In the Cerna Bend there was fairly violent artillery fire.

In the Moglena region enemy reconnoitring detachments were repulsed.

Between Lake Doiran and Lake Butkovo reconnoitring operations, resulting favourably for us, took place.

On the northern slope of Mount Krucha one of our reconnoitring detachments advanced as far as the summit of the mountain near the village of Mahmudia, and attacked with bombs and bayonet some British outposts, dispersing an enemy detachment and bringing back some prisoners, horses, arms, and other war material.

On the left bank of the Lower Struma there were engagements between advanced detachments.

On the rest of the front there was weak artillery fire.

Roumanian Front.—Near Mahmudia and east of Isaccea there was rifle fire, and near Tulcea there was infantry and artillery fire.

JIM LARKIN ARRESTED.

Conscription Denounced.

New York, Saturday.

James Larkin, the Irish Leader, has been arrested.

He denounced conscription when speaking to labourers, saying that King George and other Rulers were just as rotten as the Kaiser.

James Larkin will be rememebred as one of the leaders in the great Irish strike. A picturesque figure, not without rough eloquence, he was the man who gave public expression to the views of the real leader, James Connolly, who was shot for his share in the Dublin rebellion.

ANARCHISTS' ARMED

MACHINE-GUN COMPANIES.

Petrograd, Saturday.

This afternoon the Anarchists who seized the house of General Durnovo informed some newspaper representatives that they were supported by 8000 fully-armed members of the People's Militia and by machine gun companies.

In addition they said they counted upon the active support of several infantry units.

ANTI-GOVERNMENT DEMONSTRATIONS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

A meeting was held to-day in the Duma of All Battalion Committees of the Petrograd Garrison to decide the question of Soldiers participating in armed demonstrations.

It is confirmed that the Maximalists are making preparations for the anti-Government demonstration to-morrow.

The Committee of the Reserve Battalion of the Irmailovsky Guards and the Battalion Committee of the Finland Regiment have resolved that any participants from these regiments in to-morrow's demonstration must not carry arms.

ARTILLERY ACTIVITY ON SERBIAN FRONT.

Paris, Friday (Received Saturday).

The Serbian official communique st[ates]:—

There was the usual reciprocal cann[onading] yesterday.

Our batteries threw three bombs on military objectives near Konopiste.

MENACE TO RUSSIA.

DANGER OF COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

STIRRING APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

DEMONSTRATIONS' AID TO INTRIGUERS.

London, Saturday Night.

News from Petrograd sent through the Wireless stations of the Russian Government.

The All Russian Conference of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates has issued the following appeal to the people of Petrograd:—

Comrades, soldiers, and workmen, the Extremist Party in the Viborg quarter is calling you out into the streets without the assent of the All Russian Conference or of the Council of the Peasant Deputies.

The appeal of the Extremists is made to all the Socialist parties at this distressing moment when the All Russian Conference calls upon its comrades to remember that demonstrations of this kind at the present time may do harm to the work of the revolution.

Comrades, in the name of the millions of workmen, peasants, and soldiers of Russia at the lines and behind them, we tell you—don't do that which you are called upon to do.

In this distressing moment you are called to go out into the streets to assist demands to depose the Provisional Government, the support of which the All Russian Conference has considered essential.

Bloody Disorder Might Arise.

Those who call upon you cannot know that out of your peace demonstrations bloody disorders might arise.

Knowing your devotion to the cause of the Revolution, we say to you that though you are being asked to demonstrate in the interests of the Revolution we know that such action will be taken advantage of by those who are acting in secret in the interests of a counter-revolution.

We know that the counter-revolutionists are greedily waiting for that moment when differences in the ranks of the Revolutionary Democracy will give them the chance of crushing the Revolution.

Comrades, in the name of all the Council of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, in the name of the Council of Peasants' Deputies, the active army, and the Socialist parties, we say to you—Not a single group of workmen should be in the streets, not a single demonstration be made.

Risk of Russian Freedom.

We have still a great struggle before us, and in view of the risk of Russian freedom being really threatened by the danger of a counter-revolution, we are bound to call upon you.

Disorderly demonstrations mean ruin to the Revolution.

Preserve your strength.

Maintain friendly relations with all revolutionary Russians.

The appeal is signed by the All-Russian Conference, including the heads of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, the Petrograd Council of the last-named body, the All-Russian Peasants' Conference, and of all the Socialistic parties, apart from the Extremists, against whom the appeal is addressed.—Admiralty, per Wireless Press.

RUSSIA AWAKENING.

Vigorous Campaign Looked For.

London, Saturday Night.

Signs are not awanting that there has been an awakening in Russia.

The German official to-day spoke of fierce fighting on the Eastern front, and the message which has been issued by the All Russian Conference of the Soldiers and Workman's Delegates urging soldiers and workmen to ignore the Extremest party show that the German plots to upset the plans of the Allies have failed.

Messages received in London lead to the conviction that the workmen and the army are gradually awakening to the fact that their cause is bound up with that of the Allies, and that only by the total overthrow of the German influence [in] Russia can the fruits of the Revolution be maintained.

It is confidentially felt that the Russian crisis is over, and that a more vigorous campaign on the Eastern front is looked for in the near future.

RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN CAUCASUS.

TURKS DRIVEN BACK TWO MILES.

Petrograd, Saturday.

To-day's Russian official communique says:—

Western Front.—On the river Stokod, in the region of the village of Pojog, our scouts prepared an ambush, and, surrounding the approaching Germans, they showered hand grenades upon them.

In a bayonet fight which followed some of the Germans were killed.

Owing to the approach of German reinforcements our scouts retired to their own trenches.

On the rest of the front fusilades have taken place, which were more intense in the region of Krevo.

Roumanian Front.—Here there have been fusillades.

Caucasian Front.—The Turks in the region of Rayatsk, giving way to our detachments, retired about two miles on the right bank.

In the region of Sakkiz our scouts advanced as far as the river Abi Shirvan, and are exchanging fusillades with the Turks, who occupied heights in the region of Bistana.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

FRESH ITALIAN SUCCESSES.

BIG HAUL OF WAR MATERIAL.

Rome, Saturday.

The following Italian official communique was issued this evening:—

Enemy reconnoitring parties were repulsed at the Tonale Pass.

The enemy yesterday concentrated a brisk fire on our new position on Mount Ortigara, in the Asiago Plateau, to which we replied effectively.

The material captured in this position on the 19th is considerable.

So far we have counted 4 guns (including one of medium calibre), 14 machine guns, 1000 rifles, and a large quantity of ammunition and war and mining material.

On the Julian front our batteries effectively shelled the railway at the station of St Lucia (Tolmino), while the enemy continued his aimless destruction of buildings in Gorfizia.

On the Carso our guns repeatedly harassed the movement in the enemy lines and supported the work of our patrols.

On the 19th one enemy aeroplane was forced by our airmen to descend near Aisovizza, and another machine was brought down yesterday evening on the reverse on Mount St Marco.

AUSTRIAN CABINET RESIGNS.

Slav Groups Oppose Emperor.

Paris, Saturday.

Count Clam Marinitz, says the Zurich correspondent of the Echo de Paris, stated that the Emperor's failure to form a Ministry representative of all nationalities in Austria was due to the point blank refusal of the Slav groups to support the scheme.

Moreover, Socialists speaking the German language have declared that they were unable to send any deputy from their group to join a Ministry under any such conditions.

The Emperor has accepted the resignation of the entire Clam Martinitz Cabinet, and has declared that he will confide the task of forming a new Cabinet to some new personality.

SERIOUS SITUATION IN BOHEMIA.

Military Disperse Rioters.

Geneva, Saturday.

According to messages from the Austrian frontier, the great strikes and disorders prevalent in Bohemia, coupled with the grave political crisis in Austria, are causing a very serious situation to arise in the Dual Monarchy.

It was only with great difficulty that the military dispersed rioters in Prague on Thursday.

SOCIALISTS TO MEET AT STOCKHOLM.

Germans to Attend.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Vorwaerts announces that the Information Bureau of the Council of Delegates at Stockholm has sent the following telegram to Ebert on behalf of the Workmen and Soldiers' Council:—

We inform you that the Council of Delegates in session on June 2 decided to summon an International Socialist Conference at Stockholm between June 28 and July 8.

(Signed) Tscheide.

The President of the German Socialists informed the Executive Committee of Workmen and Soldiers' Council that German Socialists would attend the Conference.

LENIN'S ARRIVAL IN RUSSIA.

Paris, Saturday.

The Italian Piccolo learns that it was Hoffmann who, in collaboration with the two well-known German diplomatists, Von Tattenbach and Robert Grimm, arranged the departure of Lenin for Russia across Germany.

Our friends in Petrograd will now understand who had an interest in sending them the Germanophile agitator. The repatriation of the Russian refugees from Zurich by Germany also was negotiated by Hoffmann.

BOILING OIL FOR FRITZ.

GERMANS TRAPPED IN LAKES OF FIRE.

HIGHLANDER'S GRAPHIC NARRATIVE.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

Corporal George M'Ilwee, a Dundee Highlander, who was wounded in recent fighting on the British front, tells a graphic story of the way in which German calculations were upset when the British used boiling oil for the first time as a reply to the enemy's liquid fire. To one of our representatives he said:—

For some hours our attack had been held up. There seemed no chance of making headway. Right in front of us ran a long line of stockades or barricades made up of felled trees wired together in such a way that they afforded protection to defending troops and gave the attackers little chance of getting near. Several times we had tried to rush the position, but we had to fall back.

There was a lull after our last attempt, and then a body of picked men moved forward and took up a position close to the enemy's barricade at the point where we were advancing against it. They had our new liquid fire apparatus, and while the storm of bullets raged they started pouring oil on the troubled Huns behind the barricade. The effect was immediate.

Almost simultaneously with the shooting up of great pillars of flame we heard the most agonising howls from the Germans, who were completely taken by surprise at the idea of anybody going one better than their liquid fire outfit. In a few minutes great lakes of fire were raging behind and in front of the barricades. The enemy fire ceased, except for occasional shells, and our own infantry began to dash forward. Skirting the lake of liquid fire nearest them they got over the barricade in record time, and were soon among the panic-stricken Huns with the bayonet. There was no fight in Fritz.

Hun Smile That Faded.

The lake of fire now began to move rapidly along the whole Hun line, with our infantry in advance of it. Then we came on a strong enemy post, which we were able to take in flank and rear. The Germans were completely surprised. They had not the least idea that we had got through, and one of their officers was so sure that we were relief troops that he came forward to welcome us. You can imagine how quickly the smile of welcome faded from his face when he found himself talking to Highlanders.

I called on him to surrender, but he was too dignified to give in to a sergeant, and asked that an officer should be brought. I gave him five seconds to forget his dignity, and he had to hand over his sword. Then the whole lot of Fritz birds came along, and we sent them down to the cages which we have prepared for their reception.

Threat of Kaiser's Anger.

The Germans were furious over our use of boiling oil. They said it was inhuman, and told us the Kaiser would be very angry about it when he got to know. We only laughed, because apart from the idea of the Kaiser's anger worrying us, there was the recollection that the men who objected were the first to use poison gas and liquid fire against our comrades in the Ypres salient. We reminded them of that, and they said that it was different from what we are doing now. Of course, that's the way the Hun always looks at things. When he is able to spray wounded men with liquid fire or choke them with poison gas, he thinks there is no sweeter music than the agonising cries of the tortured men, but when we give them back some of their own, and give it to unwounded men, the Huns cease to see the joke of it.

I have never heard anything so terrible as the howls that went up when our oil got over them. They howled as though the corpse-conversion factory had got hold of them already. One battalion being brought up from the reserve trenches bolted without firing a shot when the men saw what their comrades were getting.

AMERICA'S LIBERTY LOAN.

Eloquent Reply to Enemies.

London, Saturday Night.

The Press Bureau issues the following:—

In an official statement as to the Liberty Loan Mr M'Adoo, Secretary of the U.S.A. Treasury, says the widespread distribution of bonds and the great oversubscription thereto constitute an eloquent and conclusive reply to the enemies of our country who claimed that the heart of America was not in the war.

The result reflects the patriotism and determination of the American people to fight for the vindication of outraged American rights, the speedy restoration of peace, and the establishment of liberty throughout the world. Congress pledged all the resources of America to bring this war to a successful termination.

The issue just closed should indicate the temper and the purpose of the American people, and the manner in which they may be expected to respond to future calls of their country for the necessary credits to carry on the war.

£3846 A WEEK.

San Francisco, Saturday.

Charlie Chaplin, the noted "movie" expert, has contracted for next year's pictures for a sum exceeding two hundred thousand pounds with the First National Exhibitors, a newly-formed and wealthy syndicate.

Under the contract the famous cinema actor will produce his own pictures and have his own company.

This figure works out at the amazing sum of £3846 a week

THE RISING MEAT PRICES.

CALL FOR STATE INTERFERENCE.

WHO ARE THE PROFITEERS?

London, Saturday.

The growing price of meat is one of the most arresting questions of the moment.

The mystery of the varying prices, too, grows deeper, for markets, as recorded in the official list of wholesale prices, remained steady all the week.

May prices over April showed an increase of a halfpenny a pound for beef and threepence a pound for mutton. Market prices to-day, compared with those of June, 1914, are up by 7d a pound for beef, and 8½d for sheep.

There were about as many cattle this week at the Islington Market as last week, but prices are pushed up a farthing a pound, although the butchers' demand was slow. There were 800 fewer sheep and lambs, but the butchers were wary, and prices dropped a penny a pound.

No reduction to the public.

The public has, however, seen no fall in the price of English mutton and lamb. In Smithfield Market South American chilled beef was sold wholesale at 6s 8d a stone, and short sides of Scotch beef for 11s 8d top price. This works out at 10d per pound for Argentine chilled, and 1s 5½d for the best Scotch beef.

Government Interference Demanded.

In the home-grown meat trade there are the gravest reasons for prompt Government interference. The butchers allege that the farmers are greedy and unscrupulous meat profiteers. The Scottish farmers are actually getting to-day, in the best period of the year for grass feeding, 20s per cwt. more than they were getting a month ago. The average price for Scottish beasts is £10 per head, about the price in May.

Best English grass-fed mutton fetches 1s 6d a pound in the wholesale market, and from a penny to a shilling more in the shops, according to cut. A fat bullock sold in Perth Market last Monday, and weighing 17 cwt., realised £89 10s—a record price.

And the butchers complain that farmers who are getting such extraordinary prices for cattle do not pay excess profits tax.

The farmers, in reply, refer to the price of feeding stuffs. They say that linseed cake cost £8 a ton before the war, and cotton cake £5 a ton, but that to-day the prices are £22 and £17 a ton respectively. The answer is that now and for some time it is grass-fed cattle that are being put upon the market. The butchers want the Government to fix prices for all live stock carcases, and retail prices of home-killed meat, and also a limit of time during which meat can be kept in cold store.

It is quite likely that the Government will adopt these suggestions.

PRINCIPAL SMITH'S GREAT LOSS.

Third Son Killed.

London, Saturday Night.

It was announced in London this afternoon that the third son of the Very Rev. Sir George Adam Smith, D.D., Principal of Aberdeen University, and formerly Professor of Hebrew in Glasgow U.F. College, had been killed.

It was only on Thursday that the death of the Principal's second son, Captain Robert Dunlop Smith, of the Indian Army, was reported as having occurred in East Africa on June 12.

The Principal's eldest son, George Buchanan Smith, fell while leading his platoon in the charge on Hulloch, near Loos, on September 25, 1915.

The Reverend Principal was Moderator last year of the United Free Church Assembly, and it is a tragic coincidence that the Rev. Dr Brown, Bellahouston, who was Moderator last year of the Church of Scotland Assembly, should also have lost three sons in the war.

GIRL MUNITION WORKER IN TROUBLE.

Charged in Connection with Child's Death.

London, Saturday Night.

At Feltham Police Court, Middlesex, Ethel Stevens, aged 23, a munition worker at Bedfont, was remanded on a charge of having murdered her eighteen-month-old son Alec by drowning.

At the inquest, which was held at Hanwell, Sub-Divisional Inspector Molt stated that the young woman said to him—"I was very unhappy at home, and wanted to drown myself. I was picking some flowers, and my foot slipped. I fell in with the baby. I wanted to die, but I didn't jump in, as I wasn't ready then. I tried to get out, and when I got out I still had the baby in my arms, and found him dead. The water was very deep, and I went under twice.

Inspector Jones said Stevens told him she went out with the intention of drowning herself and the baby.

A verdict of wilful murder was returned.

FATAL FLYING MISHAP.

Officer Killed; Another Injured.

Birmingham, Saturday.

A flying accident occurred near Birmingham this afternoon, two officers of the Royal Flying Corps coming down with a machine, which crashed into the corner of a field and turned turtle.

Lieutenant Jacob, a resident of Handsworth, was killed; his companion, Lieutenant Villiers, was injured, and was removed to the First Southern General Hospital.

LORD FRENCH IN SCOTLAND.

IMPOSING REVIEW AT EDINBURGH.

WAR HEROES DECORATED.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Lord French paid a visit to the Capital to-day, and reviewed the troops at present stationed in training in and around the city, also the local Volunteer battalions.

The facade of the Royal Scottish Academy in Princes Street was utilised as a saluting base, and the march past along Princes Street was an imposing sight as, with fixed bayonets and to the skirl of the pipes and the stirring strains of the military bands, the gallant boys swung along in columns of four. One of the Highland regiments created particular interest in that it was preceded by the regimental mascot, a beautiful black pony led by two youthful buglers.

Serbian boys, who are being educated in the city, were included in the ranks of the reviewed, as also were the various Cadet Corps. After the march past, which was witnessed by a huge crowd all along the route, a number of medals for military honours were presented, Lord French fixing the medals on the breasts of the various recipients. In two cases the medals were handed to the next-of-kin. These were Mrs Cavanagh, mother of Pte. J. J. Cavanagh, of the Dorsets, who was awarded the Military Medal, and Mrs Ritchie, Edinburgh, sister of Lance-Corpl. J. Sinclair, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who was awarded the D.C.M

Heroic Soldier Sons.

Others were:—Sergt. G. W. Staunton, A.S.C., now Second-Lieut., R.G.A. (D.C.M); Corporal P. Cameron, R.E., now Second-Lieut., K.O.S.B. (M.M.).

Royal Scots — Company Sergt.-Major M'Combie (D.C.M.), Sergt. Curran (M.M.), Sergt. Lees (M.M.), Armourer-Sergt. Walker (M.M.), Corpl M'Arthur (Order of St George), Corpl. J. M. Rennie (M.M.), Corpl. J. Hall (Good Conduct Medal), Lance-Corpl. Scott (M.M.), Lance-Corpl. Black (M.M.), Sergt. G. Barclay (D.C.M.).

K.O.S.B.—Corpl. D. M'Call (M.M.), Lance-Corpl. Tinto (M.M.), Pte. T. Ardie (M.M.)

Scottish Rifles—Company Sergt.-Major E. C. Allan (Good Conduct Medal), Colour-Sergt. Hogton (Good Conduct Medal).

Cameron Highlanders—Company Sergt.-Major Brown (D.C.M.).

Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders Lance-Corpl. S. E. Wilson (D.C.M.), Private J. Docherty (D.C.M.), Pte. W. Abbot (M.M.), Sergt. J M'Laren (M.M.), Corpl. A. Lyle (M.M.).

Before leaving the saluting base Lord French shook hands with Lord Kingsburgh, Scotland's oldest Volunteer.

BIG GATHERING AT KIRKCALDY.

HEROES DECORATED.

Kirkcaldy, Saturday Night.

This has been a memorable afternoon for Kirkcaldy and district, 20,000 spectators assembling in the Beveridge Public Park to witness the inspection by Field-Marshal Viscount French of the First Battalion Fifeshire Volunteer Regiment and two training reserve battalions stationed in the district.

There were on parade 850 officers and men of the 1st Fifeshire Volunteers, commanded by Major Sir Robert Lockhart, Provost of Kirkcaldy. The muster included the three Kirkcaldy companies and the companies from Markinch, Leslie, Dysart, Buckhaven, Dunfermline, Cowdenbeath, Kelty, and Lochgelly.

Lord French pinned medals on the breasts of a number of gallant soldiers, speaking a few words to and shaking hands with each of them. The long service and good conduct medal was awarded to Sergeant-Major Edward Tracey, K.O.S.B., a Dublin man. The D.C.M. and a bar to the medal was presented to Sergeant W. Cowie, Gordon Highlanders, a native of Rothes, Morayshire, who has been twice wounded. The Military Medal was presented to Sergeant E. H. Watts, Royal Scots, a native of London, who has also been twice wounded. The famous piper of Loos, Piper-Corporal Danied Laidlaw, V.C., K.O.S.B., who belongs to Coldstream, was decorated with the French Croix de Guerre.

Mr Thomas Grierson, pitworker, Lochgelly, father of the late Lance-Corporal D. Grierson, Black Watch, was presented with the Military Medal won by his son at the Battle of Loos, the gallant soldier having since fallen in action.

The inspection of the troops then proceeded, and both Volunteers and Regulars presented a very smart appearance. The march past was performed with great steadiness, and the Field-Marshal appeared highly satisfied with the bearing of the men. The C.O.s of the various units were presented to Lord French, who congratulated them on the splendid appearance made.

ALARMING EDINBURGH FIRE.

Big Blaze at Gorgie.

At a late hour to-night an alarming outbreak of fire was discovered in Gorgie Mills, Edinburgh, the premises affected being occupied by Cox, Limited, glue and gelatine manufacturers.

The outbreak originated in the ground floor of the mill, and owing to the large quantity of gelatine in stock the flames spread rapidly to the second storey, causing much excitement in the district.

Detachments from three Edinburgh Fire Stations were engaged, and the efforts of the firemen saved the greater part of the building. A large quantity of gelatine and glue has been destroyed, and considerable damage has also been done to the fittings. The cause of the fire is unknown.

HIDDEN UNDER TH BED.

GIRL CONCEALED FRO FATHER FOR NINE MONT

GREENOCK CHILD'S DISAPPEARANCE.

An Astounding Sequel.

Greenock, Sat

A most extraordinary story, calcula tax the credulity of the average citize just been unfolded in Greenock, and truly amazing affair has aroused wid attention.

One has to hark back to Sep last year to get to the start of the ep which is probably unparalleled in the tory of Clydeside. It was in the mon September, 1916, that a sensation was in Greenock when it became know twelve-year-old girl had disappeared her home in a most mysterious ma

The girl is the daughter of a widow resides in the upper central part of the and on the day she disappeared in strange fashion she was supposed to paid a visit to Gourock in order to sister who lived there.

It was in the evening the little lass the neighbouring town of Gourock after seeing her sister she left for pretty late at night. When she did no in an appearance her widowed father came anxious, but at the time he imag that his schoolgirl daughter had de spend the evening with her elder sis Gourock.

Given Up For Lost.

But when time passed, and no trace missing daughter was to be found, father's anxiety gave place to alarm. had happened to the lass who was more than a child? In his dilemma widowed father sought the assistance of police authorities, and a systematic se was made all over a wide district. E likely and unlikely spot was carefu searched, in the hope of ending the gnaw uncertainty concerning the fate of the twelve-year-old Greenock lassie.

Days passed. Week after week sped and still not the slightest ray of hope fathoming the mysterious affair was fo coming. With the passing of time the po practically abandoned the search for missing girl, and it was relegated to limbo of unexplained mysteries which we never be revealed.

Now comes the almost incredible p of this sensational story. The other ni while the missing girl's father was sitting the kitchen of his home, perhaps ponder over the mysterious fate that had befall his own lass, his quick eye caught a sli rustle of the bed curtain.

A Staggering Discovery.

Next moment he almost dropped to t floor in sheer amazement. Drawing as the bed curtain he peered in, and the under the bed, alive and well, and appa ently in her usual health, was his long "missing" daughter. For a few seco the widowed father could scarcely beli the evidence of his own eyes.

But there was no optical delusion ab the spectacle which had met his gaze un such dramatic circumstances. It was own child—his lassie whom he thought de and on whose face he had not looked nine long weary and anxious months. was alive and in the flesh and little cha from that eventful day in September when she set out on a mission which was cause her father so much anxiety.

The most amazing part of the story yet to be told, however. And it is alm too fantastic for serious belief. It see that on returning home from Gourock entered the house unnoticed, and, after father left the house to proceed to his w she secreted herself under the kitchen b The girl, for some reason or other, was to keep up the belief that she had re disappeared, and while she appare moved about the house quietly at var hours of the day she always crept b under the kitchen bed when her father expected to return home.

Health Not Affected.

From this uncomfortable position twelve-year-old girl must have repeat overheard the anxious discussions about unknown fate. The girl was able to k up the deception with the connivance first all of her younger sister, and then an ol one, but throughout the whole nine mon during which she was "missing" she ne once appears to have left the house. N of the neighbours ever saw her, or for moment suspected that she was actually li ing herself under her father's roof.

It is stated that, considering her stra behaviour and the cramped position she obliged to assume for so many hours a time the girl has not been adversely affe in her health, although, of course, she lost almost a whole year's schooling. W induced a lass of such tender years to ad such a deception is but another of the am ing features of this remarkable Greenock affair.

AYR THEATRE SENSATIO

R.S.F. DRUMMER'S SUDDEN DEATH.

Ayr, Saturday Nigh

A painful sensation was created in t Theatre to-night by the sudden death James Moore, a young drummer in R.S.F., who also played in the the orchestra.

It appears that the lad had gone out the interval to an ice-cream shop in vicinity, and had partaken of a refreshm On returning to the theatre he was se with illness, and almost immediately pired. Death was due to heart failure.

A sympathetic crowd witnessed the moval of the lad's body from the theatre

Brigadier-General the Duke of At opened a free gift sale at Blyth Hall N port, yesterday, in aid of the Red Cross.

PRIME MINISTER AND GLASGOW.

A DRAMATIC SPEECH EXPECTED.

WORLD-WIDE INTEREST IN PREMIER'S MESSAGE.

(By Our Parliamentary Representative.)
London, Saturday.

During the coming week the event of paramount importance will be the visit of Mr Lloyd George to Glasgow. The question is—What will he tell the country?

It has been unofficially stated that the Prime Minister will make a most important pronouncement, and the preparations now being made for flashing his message across the wires suggest that there is every likelihood that the statement is well founded. It may be said that the eyes of the whole world will be on Glasgow next Friday. Cabinet Ministers in the past have exhibited a human weakness for the dramatic, and by few it is not regarded as improbable that the Prime Minister may spring a surprise on the country and announce his desire to be assured that the Government which he has guided throughout a trying period of the war has the full confidence of the country.

It is interesting to note that the Liverpool election is to be decided on the day before Mr Lloyd George goes to Glasgow, and while this contest cannot be regarded in the light of a test of popular satisfaction with the Government, to some extent it will show the way the wind is blowing.

Truth About War Situation.

The Government Whips are taking the challenge of Mr Hughes with all due seriousness, and every effort will be made to ensure the return of the Coalition candidate. Another view is that the pronouncement Mr Lloyd George has to make is with regard to the recent industrial unrest, with which, of course, is linked up the question of the probable duration of the war. It is likely that the Prime Minister, who has never been afraid to take the public into his confidence, will tell them at this stage the blunt truth about the position of affairs.

There are two sections in the country. One believes that a decision may be brought about this year. The other, not so optimistic, is inclined to hold out that we will have to fight another winter campaign. The Prime Minister is in a position to know which has reason on his side, and if the former is building up his hopes on a false position he will deem it his duty to say so, knowing that, with the truth before them, the British public will strengthen their determination to ensure that there is nothing lacking in the output of munitions, and to gird themselves for the effort it will be necessary to make to achieve the objects we had in view when we unsheathed the sword.

Cordial Reception Assured.

It is felt that, whatever Mr Lloyd George may say in Glasgow, he will find an enthusiastic and sympathetic audience, whose manifestations of confidence will find a re-echo in the hearts of the rest of their countrymen who have been inspired by the way in which he has solved the difficulties of office since the formation of the Coalition Government.

TEACHERS AS "DOOR MATS."

STRONG SPEAKING AT A GLASGOW MEETING.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Some strong language was used at to-day's joint meeting of the three educational organisations having their centres in Glasgow—the Glasgow District of the Educational Institute of Scotland, the Secondary Education Association, and the Scottish Class Teachers' Association.

Resolutions were adopted demanding that the whole of the Equivalent Grant of £500,000 for Scotland be devoted to the increasing of salaries, and urging teachers not to accept less than £80 per annum, the acceptance of a less sum constituting a grave professional offence, which would be dealt with.

In the course of the discussion one teacher rustically remarked that School Boards were not hostile to teachers; nobody, he added, could be hostile to a doormat—they just walked over it. (Laughter.) The salaries of teachers at the present time was a public scandal, and it was not "pin money" that was being asked for, but an increase to obtain the necessities of life.

IMPORTANT POINT IN COMPENSATION AWARD.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Judgment was given by Sheriff Lee to-day in an important question raised in a claim for compensation for injury to an eye and consequent partial blindness by Frederick Brown, miner, 373 Main Street, Bellshill, against the Summerlee Iron Coy., Ltd, Calmasters, Hattonrigg Colliery.

The pursuer's left eye had been injured during his employment in the mine, and he was paid 15s per week of compensation for a time. This was January last reduced by the Sheriff to 7s 6d on the ground that pursuer was proved to be able to do some work, but had not attempted to do it. The Sheriff now finds that further examination by eye specialists confirms the opinion that pursuer's abstention from work was not justified by any incapacity resulting from the injury his eye had sustained in the mine. The compensation is therefore reduced to the shilling per week, and pursuer is found liable to defenders in expenses.

On the invitation of the War Office, the following Scottish newspaper proprietors have just visited the Western front, viz.:—Mr George [illegible], of Edinburgh Evening News; Mr [illegible]tullo, of Dundee Advertiser; Mr [illegible]xwell, Aberdeen Daily Journal; and [illegible] C. Thomson, of "The Scottish Sunday [illegible]," "Dundee Courier,"

THREAT TO SHOOT A SURGEON.

WELL-KNOWN GLASGOW DOCTOR'S ACTION.

AN AGGRIEVED HUSBAND

Dunoon, Saturday Night.

The statement that an aggrieved husband threatened to shoot the surgeon who performed an operation in a Glasgow nursing home on his wife, who died a few hours afterwards, was made in a case in Dunoon Sheriff Court to-day, before Sheriff Penney, in which Dr Nigel Stark, M.D., 4 Newton Place, Glasgow, sued Robert W. Robins, Thistle Cottage, Toward, formerly monumental sculptor, Glasgow, for £35 14s for an operation performed upon his wife in January, 1915. The original modified account amounted to £15 15s.

The defence was that the husband gave no instructions or authority for the operation, which was against his wish. He was determinedly opposed to such an operation, because it would be attended with grave danger. £1 1s was paid to pursuer for consultation, and his liability there ceased. His wife had a weak heart, which unfitted her for an operation.

Two Deaths in Two Hundred Operations.

Dr Stark stated, among other things, he was senior surgeon to the Royal Samaritan Hospital, Glasgow, and had performed hundreds of such operations. He had done more of these operations than any doctor in Glasgow, and had written a good deal on the subject, and read papers in London, Birmingham, and Aberdeen. In two hundred operations he had only had two deaths. He had specialised on the subject of diseases of women.

Defender and his wife were sent to him by Dr Richmond, Paisley, to consult him with regard to a tumour, and the consequences from the tumour. His advice was to have it extracted. It was a very serious tumour, and if allowed to go on cancer or other troubles might ensue. He explained the nature of the tumour, and the dangers, and asked them to think it over. He did not expect any trouble over the case, and he did not remember the next step, but she entered a home the next month, and was perpared for a major operation.

The Sheriff—From the pleadings it is said that you insisted on carrying out the operation against the husband's wish.

Witness said that was not possible, as he would not dream of taking the operation against anybody's wish. The operation was performed on 5th February, and she died on the day of the operation. He wrote a letter of sympathy to the husband, but he never replied. The woman died of exhaustion. He rendered an account for £15 15s, but the question of a few guineas did not enter into the question. He had got as high as seventy guineas for an operation, and had also performed operations for nothing. If the husband had forbidden the operation it would not have been performed.

Cross-examined—He did not remember defender smashing the table with his fist and declining to allow the operation. Defender had threatened to shoot him, and such information was given to him by Dr Richmond. The doctor wrote that what he dreaded was that in this matter defender was off his head, and threatened to shoot him.

Dr Andrew Richmond, medical practitioner, Paisley, stated he was asked to undertake the operation, and he recommended Dr Stark, who he thought was the ablest surgeon in Glasgow for such an operation. In his house defender, shortly after his wife's death, told him he would shoot Dr Stark. He thought defender was serious.

Defender's Statement.

Defender stated he was a monumental sculptor in Glasgow, and retired five years ago. He had been previously advised not to allow the operation. At the consultation Dr Stark told him there was a tumour that might be taken away, but he declined to have the operation performed, as he had been told it would make way for itself. He was most emphatic against the operation. In the afternoon he got a wire that the operation had been successful, and at night he 'phoned to the homes and learned his wife was dead.

At the hospital, after a talk, the matron said he had better see the doctor, and he replied that he would not, as he might shoot the doctor, but he would not shoot anybody. He took no notice of the account, as he was angry that he performed the operation. He was going to pay the account, but his agent advised him against doing so.

The Sheriff took the case to avizandum.

YOUNG BELLSHILL HERO.

Lance-Corporal James Douglas, Gordon Highlanders (attached Machine Gun Corps), youngest son of Mr and Mrs John Douglas, 104 Bothwell Park, Bellshill, has been awarded the Military Medal. He is twenty-three years of age, and was employed in Messrs William Baird & Company's Bothwell Park Colliery.

STRANGE LADY AT HOTEL.

WIFE'S ACTION AGAINST H.L.I. LIEUT.-COLONEL.

BRIDESMAID'S STORY OF UNHAPPY UNION.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

A Scottish lieutenant-colonel was the defender in an action for divorce, in which evidence was led before Lord Ormidale to-day.

The pursuer was Joan Rosita Toll or Forbes, 9 Ebury Street, London, and she asked for decree against her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Ronald Foster Forbes, H.L.I., at present residing at the Caledonian Club, St James' Square, London, on the ground of infidelity.

Pursuer (27) stated that she was married to defender, who was a Scotsman, in October, 1911. After the marriage she went to India with her husband. They returned in 1912. Defender was now on active service. He had been back on leave twice, and had been once home with trench fever since the beginning of the war.

On the last two occasions, when her husband had leave he did not stay with her. That was a subject of disagreement between them. He said he wished to be free, and preferred to live at his club. He would make his own plans. In February, 1917, he told her of his decision that he was not going to live with her, and shortly after this interview she received a letter from him, in which was enclosed a hotel bill. It appeared from that bill that defender had resided for a night with a strange lady at a hotel.

Evidence was given by two of the hotel staff that the defender and a lady who was not the pursuer visited the hotel in February, and occupied a bedroom together.

Decree was granted.

"STRAIGHT INTO ANOTHER MAN'S ARMS."

Judge's Strictures on Conduct of Soldier's Wife.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

"She waited until her husband's back was turned and then went straight into another man's arms," was Lord Ormidale's summing up of the conduct of the wife of a discharged soldier during his absence in France, and subsequently while he was laid up in hospital with wounds.

The action was at the instance of James Young Todd, discharged soldier, 25 M'Donald Road, Edinburgh, against Jeannie Bruce Andrew or Todd, formerly residing at Wardlaw Place, Edinburgh, and now at 1 Jane Place, Westfield, Eskbank, Dalkeith, and against Thomas Robertson, mining contractor, formerly residing at 40 Fifth Street, Newtowngrange, Midlothian, and now at 1 Jane Place, Westfield, Eskbank, Dalkeith.

Pursuer (34) stated that he was married to defender in June, 1903. He was employed as a furniture warehouseman in Edinburgh, and afterwards a steel worker at Motherwell, and a coal miner at Newtongrange. There were five children of the marriage. Pursuer enlisted in the Royal Engineers as a driver in March, 1916, and afterwards proceeded to France. In May, 1916, he received a gunshot, and was confined in hospital in France until about 8th June, 1916. He was transferred to a hospital in Cambuslang. About the end of July or beginning of August his wife visited him, and he had only heard once from his daughter. In December, 1916, pursuer left the hospital, and went to M'Donald Road, Edinburgh, his mother's house. He went there because he did not think his wife had done what she ought to have done.

An extract certificate was produced of the birth of a child to defender in March, 1917, at 7 Wardlaw Place, and which stated that Thomas Robertson was the father. Pursuer also knew that in May, 1917, defender removed to co-defender's house, and she was living there with co-defender.

Bridesmaid's Story.

A witness, who said she had been bridesmaid at the marriage of pursuer and defender, spoke to seeing defender and co-defender often going arm in arm in the street.

A neighbour at Wardlaw Place stated that co-defender called regularly on defender, and stayed with him during the week-ends.

In the box defender stated she was very anxious to have the custody of the children, and especially of the two youngest, three and five respectively. She had always been fond of the children, and had always looked well after them. She expected to have a home for them. The co-defender had also been very fond of the children, and took a great interest in them.

Counsel for the defender remarked that he understood defender and co-defender intended to get married.

The co-defender (35) said he was very fond of the two youngest boys, and he was willing to bear the expenses of looking after them. His wages were 7s or 8s a day, and he had a house.

Counsel on behalf of defender submitted that except for the offence with the co-defender nothing had been said against the defender's character, and in view of the youth of the children she should get the custody of the youngest two.

The Judge's Suggestion.

Lord Ormidale remarked defender waited till her husband's back was turned, and then went straight into the arms of another man. Subsequently in the course of the argument his Lordship added that perhaps the co-defender might see his way to enlist now, and as soon as his back was turned why should she not go into some other person's arms?

After hearing counsel his Lordship granted decree, with custody. He said the paramount consideration was the interest of the children, but at the same time the assumption was in favour of the father, who was entirely innocent of any misconduct, having the looking after of his own family. He saw no reason why the pursuer should leave them to be looked after by his unfaithful wife and her paramour. To leave two of the children in the custody of the unfaithful wife would be to break up the family. He thought the pursuer was entitled to all the children, and gave decree accordingly. He also found co-defender liable in expenses.

STRANGE LADY—Continued.

A PLUMBER'S ACTION.

Lord Ormidale disposed of a defended action of divorce brought by William M'Coll, ship's draughtsman, 21 Upper Newtonards Road, Belfast, against Julia Watt or M'Coll, 13 Murray Street, Maryhill, Glasgow, and also against Robert Jardine, formerly a plumber in Glasgow, and now serving in the army.

Lord Ormidale granted decree of divorce, holding that facts had been proved relevant to infer the misconduct of the defender and the co-defender.

"I WILL NOT KILL."

OBJECTOR WHO QUOTES CÆSAR

IS SENT TO THE ARMY.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

An extraordinary argument between the Edinburgh Tribunal Bench and a conscientious objector from West Lothian was heard in the Sheriff Court Buildings to-day—Sheriff Maconochie presiding.

The appellant was an Uphall man of thirty-six, engaged in the manufacture of sulphate of ammonia at Young's Paraffin Light Company. The local Tribunal, in discussing the application, noted that though a conscientious objector, the man evidently had no objection to making munitions.

Appellant said he had nothing to do with what his firm sold. He was engaged in the manufacture of sulphate of ammonia, which was used for the fertilisation of the land.

The Sheriff—How long have you held the view that it is wrong to defend your King and country?

Appellant—For over three years it has been a definite conviction.

The Sheriff—You are a married man. Suppose a man entered your house and tried to kill your wife and family. Would you not feel it your duty to use force?

"I Would Not Kill."

I would protect my wife and family according to my abilities, but I would not kill. I object to warfare under any circumstances.

The Sheriff—Do you think it is wrong for the country to defend itself?

Applicant—I have nothing to do with the country. I have an individual conscience.

The Sheriff—But you have the protection of the army and navy. And you think you have no duty by the country at all?

Appellant—I do not ask for the protection of the army or the navy.

The Sheriff—But you pay taxes for their upkeep?

Appellant—I have to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

A Member of the Tribunal—You have to render to Cæsar what Cæsar demands, and that is that you should go to the army.

The appeal was dismissed, non-combatant service being declined.

BOTHWELL RED CROSS FETE.

SUCCESSFUL EVENT IN CASTLE POLICIES.

Bothwell, Saturday Night.

Bothwell's contribution to Red Cross week, large though it undoubtedly is, would have been considerably increased had the weather been at all propitious for this afternoon's garden fete and gift sale within the beautiful policies of Bothwell Castle.

Several thousand people, including many of the better known county families in the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire, patronised the fete, which was adversely affected by the incessant rain.

The byplay of an amateur Charlie Chaplin and other laughter-provoking stars, well known to the habitues of the picture palace, gave much amusement to the onlookers, while the conjuring, palmistry, and Aunt Sally side shows had many patrons. Clock golf, putting competitions, and other sports bulked largely in the programme, which was one of infinite variety.

At the gift stall there was a host of tempting ornaments and pictures for sale. Interest centred around a hand frying-pan which ingenious and clever hands had transformed into a serviceable clock. This gift was purchased by a Treasury note value 10s.

The arrangements for the function were admirably carried out by the ladies of the Bothwell Red Cross Centre, of which Mrs James T. Forgie, of Mosspark House, is president and convener.

TO BRING DOWN FOOD PRICES.

CROY RESOLUTION TO BOYCOTT BUTCHERS.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

The inhabitants of Croy are taking their own way of dealing with the extraordinarily high price to which butcher meat has risen. At a public meeting, presided over by Mr Hugh Law, president of the local Miners' Union, a resolution was passed unanimously deciding to refrain from purchasing butcher meat for a period of at least one month, or until the fleshers substantially reduce their prices. It is stated that butchers' vans which visit the locality have during the past few days been unable to sell a single ounce of beef.

YESTERDAY AT THE COAST.

SUNDAY SAILINGS ON THE CLYDE.

(By Wire and 'Phone from our own Correspondents.)

Bright sunshine was recorded at the Meteorogical Office yesterday as follows:—

Oban, 0.5—Rainy to fair.
Banff, 4.7—Rainy to dull.
Montrose, 2.5—Fine to dull.
Nairn, 3.3—Dull and showery.

Most depressing conditions prevailed at Dunoon throughout yesterday, rain falling regularly from early morning. Arrivals of visitors for the week-end were, however, almost up to the average, but travelling conditions were the worst, especially as the Firth was in an exceptionally ruffled state.

Considerable satisfaction has been expressed in Dunoon by the intimation that next Thursday the Broomielaw service will be resumed to the town and intermediate ports.

The resumption of the service opens up the question of the Sunday service. This is one of the most important services of the week, as it enables the munition and shipyard workers to travel to the coast for the week-end, and return on the Sunday evening for work. Up to the present the Sunday service has not been on, and this has been one of the principal causes for quietness and bad house-letting, as people would not take houses because the workers could not get the week-end.

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Despite the weather, a flag day at Rothesay to raise £400 to endow a second Bute Bed in the Scottish Limbless Hospital met with a good response yesterday from visitors and residents.

The first inspection of the Bute Volunteers by Colonel Burnley Campbell, of Ormidale, who was accompanied by The Maclachlan of Maclachlan, attracted much interest.

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Notwithstanding the miserable weather yesterday there were many visitors to Gourock. House-hunting was actively engaged in, but this was no easy task, as the majority of houses have already been let. There are few apartments to be had now.

The usual Sunday calm is certain to be disturbed to-day by the presence of two hundred wounded soldiers from Bellahouston Hospital, who are being feted by the Scottish cinema operators. They are to be conveyed in a special train, and, wet or dry, the lads are certain of a happy outing.

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With the curtailment of sailings down the Firth, Helensburgh has become very popular, and the town had a large influx of day trippers yesterday. Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has Helensburgh been so well let for July and August.

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The week-enders at Largs had on the whole a miserable day yesterday—cold, dull, and damp—and those who decided to get all the fresh air they could finished in a somewhat similar condition to that which Mr Mantilini prophesied his corpse would be after he had drowned himself—"Dem damp unpleasant."

Some Largs visitors who were lucky yesterday had a taste of the first local lamb to be killed this season. The unfortunate creature which has met an untimely death at the butcher's hands weighed 72 lbs.

To-day, in Largs Parish Church, a memorial service for Captain G. L. Pagan, of the Royal Scots, minister of St George's, Edinburgh, is to be held. Mr Pagan was minister of Largs when he was called to Edinburgh.

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Troon was very busy at the week-end, and the incoming trains brought down large numbers of holidaymakers in search of a brief respite from business.

This popular resort is very well let for June, and with the assurance of decent travelling facilities letting for the next two months is brisk and quite up to the average.

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One-day trippers, of which there were many, required a plentiful supply of Mark Tapley humour to carry them through at Ayr, for the weather was of the most miserable description.

During the afternoon the Alexandra Rose Day, on behalf of the local hospitals, was observed, and quite a large collection would be garnered.

New potatoes from South Ayrshire district up to a good size were retailed in town to-day at 4d per lb., and there was a big demand.

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Girvan is likely to bulk pretty much in the public eye next week, as it is the hub of an early-potato raising district.

In the course of the next few days Girvan will be sending out to the city markets the first consignments of the eagerly anticipated tubers.

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Practically no bright sunshine was registered at Portobello or Musselburgh till the evening, but visitors were in evidence by the hundred, and the slight showers of rain which fell in the afternoon did not discourage them.

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To-day was observed as Alexandra Rose Day at Pitlochry, when Mrs Beatty, Craigvar, and her assistants, succeeded in raising £24 12s 1d for Perth Royal Infirmary.

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At Aberfeldy there has been a steady inflow of visitors during the past week, but numbers still short of former years. The hotels are well occupied for the week-end.

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Genial warmth gave place to chilly weather at Aberdeen yesterday, the wind being from the north-west. Considerable numbers of visitors are in the city for the week-end, the principal attraction being the inspection of the City and County Volunteers on the Links by Field-Marshal Lord French to-day.

There was a large assemblage on the Links yesterday to witness the start of the fancy-dress cycle parade organised by the engineers and munition workers in the city for the benefit of the war funds. A collection was taken up through the streets while the cyclists were on their way to Deeside and Coulter. About 300 cyclists were in the procession.

No more remarkable figure has been seen in the history of European Courts than Louisa of Tuscany, who refused to share a throne surrounded by intriguers of Potsdam.

THE LIFE STORY OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY

Told by Herself and Related by WILLIAM LE QUEUX

Mr William Le Queux has been one of the closest friends of the Ex-Crown Princess through a number of years and conducted many of her affairs while in Italy.

This week we commence the remarkable life story of Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, told by herself, and related by William Le Queux, one of her intimate friends. The Princess, who was the daughter of Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Princess Alice of Parma, married Prince Frederick-August, formerly Crown Prince and now King of Saxony, and she reveals many amazing secrets of her career, showing how she was forced to leave her husband, home, and children through the intrigues of unscrupulous enemies at Potsdam. The Princess was always a true friend of the people, and that was the chief reason she suffered, as is plain in her exposure of the evil schemes of the crowned heads such as the Kaiser, "Foxy" Ferdinand, and the late Emperor Josef, with whom she came in frequent touch.

AT the outset of this plain confession of facts which my old friend Mr William Le Queux is writing down for me I wish to make it absolutely clear that I have no intention of hiding my past, or of pursuing that pleasant pastime, so popular nowadays, of whitewashing myself.

Though I may be an Imperial Princess of the fatal Hapsburgs, with many titles after my name as registered in the "Almanach de Gotha," I am, after all, only a woman, with the same heart, the same sentiments, the same maternal love, and the same detestation of hypocrisy and sham as any woman who reads this narrative of mine.

I know Scotland well, and I know and admire the dear Scottish people. I know your beautiful Perthshire. I have shopped in Princes Street, in Edinburgh, and in Sauchiehall Street, in Glasgow, and I have been in Oban and in Inverness; but none has dreamed that the woman in a plain navy skirt and cream blouse—both made, by the way, in the Rue de la Paix—was the same person about whose erratic ways so much has been written at the instigation of her enemies.

I love the public. Heartily tired as I am of the glare and glitter of palaces, and the wild turmoil of amusing plot and counter-plot among those who elbow each other to get into the vicinity of a Throne, I prefer a life with the public to one apart from it.

An Escapade in My Maid's Dress.

Some years ago I went upon an escapade in Dresden which would have shocked the stiff and narrow-minded Court, in order to discover for myself in what estimation I was held by my Saxon people.

"Il Trovatore" was to be given at the Opera that night, and it struck me that, instead of attending with the Royal Circle as had been arranged—for at Court we are but creatures of routine and live by rules and arrangements laid down for us by the Minister of the Household and the other officials, whom we call the grandes charges de la Cour—I might go alone and watch. What fun!

So I pleaded a very bad headache, and later on sent word to my husband that I could not go to the Opera and did not wish to be disturbed.

Now, I had a confidential maid — one whom I had brought from Austria, and who had been with me some years—and in her I confided. I sent her out to a theatrical costumier, where she obtained a dark wig and a box of "make-up," and putting on one of her dresses I was soon transformed into a woman of the people. In this guise she saw me out of the Palace by the servants' entrance, and I proceeded to the Opera on foot, while the others were still dining. For some time I waited in the queue, then paid for my modest seat in the gallery, and at last found myself between two stout women high up, with the Royal box away on my right.

What I Heard in the Theatre Gallery.

The house gradually filled, while I sat there among the people. Ah! how my thoughts ran back to my girlhood days, my stiff upbringing, my staid angular governesses, with all the hide-bound regulations of Court manners and Court etiquette, and that parrot-cry ever dinned into my ears ever since I had been ten years of age, "Imperial Highness, be careful of the public!" "Imperial Highness, what will they think?" "Imperial Highness, what will they say?"

That night I sat with the public in order to hear and to know what they said.

The King and Queen entered, and the house, including myself, rose to salute them.

The stout woman on my left, with whom I had already become on friendly terms by offering her sight of my programme, exclaimed—

"Ah! Carola is in that same shabby old gown she wore a fortnight ago when she came to hear 'Faust.' Cannot a Queen afford a new one?"

"I suppose she wears her grand ones in the Palace, and puts on any wornout old thing when she comes here—afraid to spoil it—eh?" remarked the woman on my other hand.

At that moment my husband, smart in his blue uniform, smiling and good-looking, entered the box, and, advancing, bowed, whereupon all hands were clapped.

"Ah!" exclaimed the stout critic on my right. "The Crown Prince is only a dressed-up popinjay! He will be our King soon, of course—a fine, handsome man, but nowadays he dare not call his soul his own—with such a father and mother!"

"When he becomes King he will be all right," declared the other woman. "Old Albert cannot last for ever. But look! They've shut the door of the box. Where is Louisa? Isn't she coming?"

The orchestra struck up, and in the Royal box they had all settled themselves.

"Poor Louisa!" went on the woman, turning to me confidentially as she added, "Another unpleasantness, I suppose! Her life must be a wretched one. She looks always so smiling and so good-tempered, yet whenever one sees her driving, here in the theatre, at the reviews, there is a look in her face of sadness and disappointment. Haven't you noticed it?" she asked. "That smile she wears is only the mask of a broken heart."

"Do you really think so?" I asked

"Yes, of course. Why, everyone knows what a dull life she has of it with old Carola snapping at her all the time, and the King going out of his way to make things uncomfortable for her. Everybody in Saxony pities poor Louisa!"

I was silent. So that was what the public were saying about me!

The stout woman I took to be the wife of an artisan, the other was no doubt wife of a small tradesman, and I—well, I was the wife of the elegant, good-looking Crown Prince who sat in the middle of the Royal box smiling graciously upon those he would so soon be called upon to rule. I learnt much that evening. It taught me that though I was without friends in that great, gloomy gilded Palace yet the Saxon people were my friends, and, indeed, though their men have now been forced by the Kaiser to fight against Britain, neither they nor their women have ever deserted me to this day.

Yes, I love the public; yet from my earliest recollections as a girl I had been always taught to hate das verdammte Publikum ("the damned public"), as my father, the Grand Duke, usually referred to the people, a favourite remark, by the way, of the late Emperor Francis Josef.

My Early Days.

For the benefit of those who may not know exactly who I am, I may perhaps say that, though I am usually called Louisa, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, I was christened on September 8, 1870, at the Imperial Castle of Salzburg with eleven different names, and succeeded to the titles of Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of this, Baroness of that, Countess, and what-not. Under my last title, Countess of Montignoso—a beautiful estate in Italy belonging to my family—I am still known, for even the wrath of poor old Francis Josef—himself no saint, by the way—could not deprive me of that. My father was Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and my grandfather, the last ruler of Tuscany, lived in the Pitti Palace, in Florence (now turned into one of the greatest art galleries in the world), until forced by political events to bid farewell to his people and return to his Hapsburg home.

The Hapsburgs are all notable for their taste in feminine beauty, and my father carried out the family tradition by falling in love at the age of eighteen with the pretty dark-eyed daughter of a Florence tradesman who lived close to the Palace. The pair were inseparable, but my grandfather discovered the affair, and, fearing a mésalliance, promptly shut up his son for many weeks in the Palace. Love, however, laughed at locksmiths, and the pair found means to communicate. There are some who say that he married her, but in any case if he did it did not prevent him marrying two years later Princess Anna, daughter of King John of Saxony. She, however, died of typhoid in Naples three years afterwards through eating infected oysters.

All About My Relations.

My grandfather, the old Grand Duke, was hoping to be re-established in Tuscany, hence he urged upon my father to seek as second wife an eligible Princess of Italian birth. He therefore kept his eyes open, and one day, at the great house of the Comte de Chambord, at Frohsdorf, near Vienna, he met a pretty, petite, fair-haired girl, Princess Alice of Parma, who subsequently became my mother, while her sister, my aunt, married the late Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid.

My mother, though she had ten children, was for years an exquisite dancer, a daring horsewoman, and one of the finest among women shots in all Europe. She possessed some very wonderful jewels, some magnificent diamonds, and also the celebrated necklace which Boehmer made for Marie Antoinette, a necklace which I have often worn at Court functions.

It was upon my father's second marriage that his cousin, the Emperor of Austria, gave him the Imperial Castle of Salzburg—that great, gloomy old place with the fountain in front, in which by the strictest and most strait-laced of governesses I was prepared for the part I was destined to play at the Courts of Europe.

No more repellent place could there be than this enormous old Palace. It lies beneath the shadow of three separate churches, and was built by the Archbishop of Salzburg in the latter sixteenth century, so that it was possible to reach the churches without going outside the Palace. In the old days, when the Archbishop and his friends pursued their pious lives there, it was no doubt a merry abode, for it is on record that the old ecclesiastics were a cheerful party, and when tired of feasting and wine-bibbing and their own company they passed through a long subterranean passage—discovered quite recently—which led away to a beautiful old villa called Hellbrun, where they were in the habit of entertaining their lady friends in secret.

But, oh! the gloom of the inartistic old Palace in these days! In the great long Grand Gallery there are time-blackened portraits of dozens upon dozens of my illustrious ancestors of both sexes. Of that gallery stories of secret poisonings are told, and for many a year during my childhood I believed that at night those ancestors of mine stepped out of their frames and sat together at the long oaken tables in the centre.

A Grim Tradition.

There is a grim tradition, too, that in a certain upstairs room a fair chatelaine of the castle, whose portrait still hangs at the end of the gallery, used to be in the habit of receiving her plebeian lovers in secret at night. But when the unsuspecting swains departed they, in passing to the door, trod upon a loose panel in the flooring, which gave way. They disappeared, and the trap sprang back to its place. Those adventurous spirits who had been admitted in secret told no tales, for they were precipitated down a narrow shaft set with sharp knives at angles so that they were cut to pieces in their descent, and their bodies swept away into the rushing culvert deep beneath the castle foundations.

With my brother Leopold I often used to make search for this trapdoor, and certainly we found in one of the smaller rooms upstairs, now used as a lumber room, traces of a more modern piece of flooring just inside the door.

Well, in that gloomy old castle upon which my father refused to spend anything unnecessary upon repairs, and where in consequence some of the beautiful tapestries were rotting, and the ancient brocaded silks upon the walls were hanging in forlorn tatters, I spent my early days, a childhood the reverse of bright amid the ghosts of my erratic ancestors.

My father, the most lovable, yet the most excitable, of men, was extremely active and energetic. Summer and winter he was always up and about by four o'clock in the morning, and though something of a martinet he was, nevertheless, adored by his seventy-five body-servants, all of whom held some trivial office which they themselves believed to be most important. He was without pride, an extremely business-like man who attended to every detail of his own big household. I remember once when the Emperor Francis Joseph was to visit us he decided that the State apartments must be redecorated—"and hang the expense."

I was then about sixteen, and had, I suppose, already developed some artistic tastes, for I was called into consultation with the rest of the family as to the proposed colour scheme. My mother fancied pale mauve and gold, my father pale green, and heated words ensued between them regarding it.

Whereupon I led them to one of the smaller rooms usually kept locked, and showed them a carved panel which I had already decorated with pale carnation-pink from my paint-box, and had covered the carved bunches of grapes which bordered it with leaf-gold.

A Reward From the Emperor.

My father was delighted when he saw it.

"Truly, Louisa, your scheme is really most artistic. You ought to marry a house decorator!"

So in carnation-pink the State apartments were decorated, and so they remain until this day.

Further, the Emperor, knowing only the dull brown-and-gold of the Renaissance there, expressed great surprise at the brightness of the new scheme, and when told to whom it was due His Majesty sent for me and gave me a very pretty diamond pendant. "As a reward for art, Louisa!" he said, laughing. That pendant I often wear nowadays.

My father was one of the wicked old Emperor's cronies, and used to be absent for many weeks at a time shooting with him and with the fated Crown Prince Rudolph.

From the moment when I could toddle until the day of my betrothal those years of my youth were spent in a fretful martyrdom. Ah! you of the world who may lead your own lives, who may map out for yourself your own paths, whither Fate wills that they shall lie in pleasant places or upon the thorny ground of unhappiness, little dream of the daily drudgery, the constant self-sacrifice, the hourly longing to burst the bounds, of those who have the misfortune to be of the blood royal, and who from their earliest years are trained with as stern a training as that meted out to any performing horse, dog, or monkey, to prance and perform their allotted duties upon the stage of the Imperial and Royal Theatre of Europe.

The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony and her youngest daughter, Princess Monica-Pia.

Tired of Constant Drudgery.

"Your Imperial Highness!" Phew! How those three hateful words beat ever upon my brain! How day in and day out for fifteen years nurses and governesses told me that I was wrong—always wrong! "Ah! You are like a mere child of the people!" my nurse used to say in disgust, as though I were of other clay than any other child. My mother, the Grand Duchess, when she heard tales about me would scold me, always declaring, "Louisa! you are entirely incorrigible. To think that a child of mine should be so utterly vulgar!"

But, truth to tell, my brother Leopold, who was ever my friend, was always in the same scrapes with me, and often we "put our heads together" to plot in order to scandalise our nurses, and later on our staid, old governesses.

Never shall I forget one summer's afternoon when we went for a walk with Frau Loebner, one of the most dignified of governesses, a stout, pompous woman of noble birth, whom we hated heartily, and upon whom we had sworn revenge for her constant talebearing. In Salzburg, that pleasant, picturesque old town, we were, of course, well known and always an object of interest when we walked out.

An Impromptu Bath.

We crossed the river and strolled to the Franz Josef Park, which was a favourite promenade for the Salzburgers in the afternoon and much frequented by local nobodies who called themselves "Society." In the centre of the park is a lake with a number of pleasure boats, including our own white-and-red boat, upon which, with a small crowd of the curious around us, we duly embarked. The man rowed us for a short distance, when, after a whispered consultation with Leopold, I suddenly announced—

"Please, may I bathe? It is so horribly hot this afternoon."

"Your Imperial Highness!" cried Frau Loebner, much scandalised. "Bathe! Whatever are you thinking about? Look at all the people!"

"I don't care a single jot for the people—I'm just going to bathe!" I announced.

"Yes, do, Louisa! And bother the d——d public, as papa says! What fun. How they will stare!"

"Your Imperial Highness, Prince Leopold! How dare you say such a thing!" shouted the governess in fury. "I will tell His Highness the Grand Duke!"

But without waiting for more words I suddenly stood up in the boat, and, just as I was, in a new white costume, I made a plunge into the water, very nearly upsetting the boat in doing so.

Frau Loebner screamed. Leopold roared with laughter and clapped his hands in high glee, whereupon I shouted back that the water was beautifully cool, and, yelling, "Come on, Peldo!" struck out towards the shore, greatly to the excitement of the "society" crowd, who naturally believed I had fallen overboard.

I landed on the opposite bank, where two strange young men assisted me out.

"Thanks ever so much!" I said, laughing hugely. "I'm all right! I've only done it to frighten them!" I said. "Let me walk away alone," I added, in confidence. "I am in for a lot of trouble, I think."

The two young fellows—students, I believe—allowed me to go, and so away along the tree-lined Giesela-Kai beside the river I walked, hastily climbing the hill and getting into the palace by the back entrance in the Kaffnerstrasse.

I had passed along one of the dark corridors on my way up to my room hatless and bedraggled, like a half-drowned rat, when, as bad luck would have it, I met the elegant Count von Herberstein, the Grand Master of the Court.

"Himmel!" he gasped. "Whatever has happened? Have you been drowned, Imperial Highness?"

"No," I laughed. "I've been out for a swim. Frau Loebner would not let me go, so I just took matters into my own hands and went."

And I passed along to my own room. But my heart sank, because I knew that the Count did not tolerate me because of a certain discovery I had made concerning him a fortnight before. He was a tall, very handsome man, who had been a bosom friend of the Crown Prince Rudolph, and had lived the "life" in Vienna for ten years. But one moonlit evening when out alone for a stroll in the grounds of the palace I had accidentally come across him kissing Fraulein Batthyany, one of my mother's pious maids-of-honour. We had come face to face. Fraulein had drawn back into the shadow, but with girlish glee I had cried out—

"Hullos, Fraulein Irma!" and this had given away the amorous game.

My Mother Intervenes.

"Well, I reached my room, but before I could get off all my wet clothes my mother, the Grand Duchess, banged furiously at the door, and I had to admit her.

"Louisa!" she cried, pale with anger. "I have just seen von Herberstein. So this is how you act when you go out into the town—in order to disgrace our Imperial family. Where is Frau Loebner."

"I have no idea," I replied curtly. "I left her out in the boat."

"And Leopold?"

"He tried to follow, but she held him back. The boat nearly turned over. It was fortunate that Poldo didn't come in after me, for if he had the boat would have certainly turned over, and perhaps poor Frau Loebner might have been drowned."

My mother, red and pale in turn, was nearly beside herself with anger, but I only laughed, and slipping off my wet clothes I tossed them airily across the room, saying—

"Ah, how beautifully cool I feel now! It was really worth it."

"Worth it!" shrieked my mother. "Worth it! You are not in your senses, Louisa. When your father comes back from the Villa Orth I shall inform him."

"Please tell him that Poldo would have followed me, only Frau Loebner was afraid that the boat might go over."

That escapade cost me much liberty and a terrible amount of unnecessary sticking to lessons. Ah! you who are not of Imperial birth know nothing of the iron-ruled education of a Princess. You look at photographs of the pretty children of Royalty as depicted in your picture papers, all of them prim and proper little persons, mostly of the very goody-goody type, but you little dream of the rebellious hearts which are beating within their young breasts.

True, to-day I can speak five languages, all of them pretty well perfectly; I gained all sorts of diplomas for mathematics, history, music, chemistry, and geography; I have composed songs; and I have translated Dante into German; yet all of it is but the ordinary education of an Imperial Princess!

But there is yet more. Part of my training was to sit erect at a table without a back to my chair for five hours at a stretch in order to train me to sit out those long ceremonial dinners at which I was to be in future doomed to attend.

"An Imperial Princess must never show any sign of fatigue," Frau Loebner used to declare. "This afternoon, Imperial Highness, you must sit at table." It was not a punishment, but as ordinary as a painting lesson.

I had to undergo that terrible torture without being allowed a book to read, while my governess used to loll in an easy chair opposite me—and sometimes doze!

Again, my riding lessons were as severe as ever given to the girl intended to figure in the circus ring. Dozens of times in my early days I had bad falls, and have sat in tears at my rough bruises. But my slavish taskmasters were obdurate. "Her Imperial Highness must be taught to ride properly," they declared.

"Foxy" Ferdinand Seeks My Hand.

There came a time when my parents began to think seriously of the most eligible young man to marry me. "Louisa must be married!" my mother said. And my father was entirely of her opinion.

My father, merry go-ahead man that he was, the Prince who had commenced life by falling in love with a tradesman's daughter, had his eye, no doubt, to the main chance, and, of course, hoped that I might marry a Royalty. So in secret did my Imperial mother.

[CONTINUED AT FOOT OF NEXT PAGE.]

LADY CLERKS IN KHAKI?

OBJECTIONS OF HAMILTON GIRLS TO DON UNIFORM.

INDIGNANT "SWANKS."

("Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Hamilton, Saturday.

Yesterday, the young ladies employed as typists and clerkesses in the various army offices in Hamilton received payment of a war bonus which was authorised by the authorities some time ago. As the bonus is retrospective over a period of weeks, hundreds of the ladies had a substantial sum to uplift yesterday.

To the greater portion of the fair clerkesses, the payment of the bonus came most opportunely as it synchronised with their holiday leave for six days, which is now due. The lady clerks are being relieved in batches for holidays.

In the main, the clerkesses are enamoured of their work, their wages, plus the new war bonus, and the interest shown in their welfare by the responsible officers, but there is one fly in the ointment, and that has reference to a rumour which has gone the round of the offices that a new order is to be enforced that the girls and women shall forthwith wear a distinctive uniform in the course of their duties.

Objections to Khaki.

Fantastic and fanciful stories are going the rounds of Hamilton as to the type of uniform which has to be assumed. A few talk grandiloquently of blue serge and gold braid, while others claim to know that the authorities are predisposed to the tartan skirt and green jacket worn by Glasgow's tramway workers.

A "Post Sunday Special" representative to-day took the opportunity of conversing with several of the clerkesses, with a view of ascertaining their attitude on the subject of a distinctive uniform.

"It's khaki," positively asserted one young lady. "A sample of the cloth was passed round the girls in my department at his forenoon, and while plain Jane and steady-going Eliza may like it all right, I am afraid, as they say in the penny novelettes, it will be rather "de trop" for Claudie and Edith who have cultivated a distinctive taste in blouses."

"Yes," rapidly interjected a matronly-looking clerkess, "I'll welcome the uniform gladly if it restrains the over-dressing proclivities of some of the younger girls. The swanks may disdain to wear the uniform, but I believe some may throw up their appointments rather than submit to donning it, but the sensible lassies will take to the idea kindly."

"Besides," chimed in a third, "my lady supervisor told me to-day that the clerkesses in France all wear a uniform. We are doing our bit at home here just as well as they, and really I'd love to have a uniform."

The Absorbing Topic.

The one absorbing topic of conversation amongst the girls to-day has a reference as to whether this or that uniform is "smart," "natty," or "chronic." Excitement unquestionably prevails amongst the lady quill-drivers, and they are at their wits' end to ascertain the views of the authorities. In fact, those in responsible posts are being pestered with an interminable series of "leading" questions, as they say in legal circles.

There is evidence to show that some reform is in contemplation, but it may in the end turn out that the order has a reference only to the wearing of "a khaki overall" while on duty. Indeed, that is the belief which is entertained by a number of the older clerkesses who are not disposed to be finicky or frivolous notions.

THE COLONEL'S CHAUFFEUR.

TRIBUNAL REFUSE EXEMPTION IN NOVEL CASE.

WAR OFFICE TRANSFERS MAN TO CLASS "W."

Glasgow, Saturday.

At the sitting of the Dumbartonshire Tribunal in Glasgow to-day, the military representative asked for the withdrawal of the exemptions granted to six men, chiefly dyers, formerly employed by the Turkey Red Company at Milngavie, on the ground that the men were not now engaged in the work for which the certificate was granted. The men had refused substitution offered on the ground that the wage was not sufficient to pay lodgings and also keep their own families going.

The certificates were withdrawn, and the men were told they could still make an appeal on personal grounds

A Chauffeur's Position.

Colonel R. C. Mackenzie, Edinbarnet, Duntocher, chairman of Glasgow Territorial Force Association, in appealing for his chauffeur, aged thirty-seven, mentioned that his previous appeals had been turned down by the Tribunals, but, being at the War Office, he reported the case there, and was told that the officer commanding No. 1 District, Scotland, would be communicated with. The man was placed in Class W, Territorial Force Reserve, in consideration of the amount of war work he (Colonel Mackenzie) was doing.

On presenting himself at Stirling the man was classed "unfit," and received his discharge, and on being re-examined under the last Act he was classed B1 and ordered to join on 27th June. Col. Mackenzie appended an answer for the Recruiting Officer, Stirling, to a reminder about the former War Office action in connection with this man.

Military Representative's Opinion.

The recruiting officer wrote that he had sent Col. Mackenzie's letter to the officer commanding No. 1 District, Perth, for decision, and he was instructed to say that the man's case should go before the Tribunal, when it would appear that the exemption would be granted in view of the work in which he was engaged.

The military representative did not think, if the War Office was able to put the man in W Reserve, that they should worry about it.

Mr Jack suggested that a discharged soldier should be got.

Col. Mackenzie — This is a discharged soldier.

Exemption was refused.

BOY SCOUTS' SPORTS AT LEITH.

Leith, Saturday.

For the first time in the history of the Boy Scout movement in Leith, sports were held under the auspices of the local Scouts' Association in Victoria Park this afternoon, and among the large gathering of spectators present were Provost Malcolm Smith and Captain Cairns, district commissioner.

All the Scout troops in the town were represented, and in numerous events there was keen competition, the entries for several being over a hundred.

The following are the first prize-winners in the leading events:—

Throwing the Cricket Ball—John Watson, 7th Troop.

100 Yards Flat Race for Boys over 15—John Watson.

Broad Jump for Boys over 13—John Watson (17 feet).

High Jump—T. Gordon, 4th Troop.

High Jump for Boys over 13—J. Watson.

Tug-of-War—Final—7th Troop.

Five-a-side Football—7th Troop.

Champion of the Sports—John Watson.

VALE SOLDIER WHO WAS MOURNED AS DEAD

WRITES TO WIFE FROM GERMAN HOSPITAL.

Alexandria, Saturday.

Early in May Mrs Robert Rankin, 45 Random Street, Alexandria, received official intimation that her husband, Private Robert Rankin, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, had been killed in action in France on 23d April. Along with her relatives she went into mourning, and the insurance money was paid on his death claim. His photo was published in the papers, and he was mourned as dead.

The sadness, however, has been turned to joy, as to-day Mrs Rankin has received a letter from her husband stating that he is a prisoner of war in Germany, and is in hospital but getting on well. The letter is in his own handwriting, and, needless to say, there was much joy among his friends at the glad tidings. Rankin is a well-known Valeite. He was four months in France when taken prisoner, and prior to enlisting he was employed with the Vale of Leven Co-Operative Society, Limited, Alexandria. Mrs Rankin has been the recipient of numerous messages of congratulations from all parts of the district.

MINIATURE RIFLE COMPETITION.

Dundee, Saturday Night.

Ellangowan are the crack team of the Dundee and Forfarshire Association of Miniature Rifle Clubs. At the annual competition for the Association's trophies, held this afternoon, they carried off the Longair and Strathmore Cups.

The Longair trophy was open to teams of four men, ten rounds deliberate and ten rounds rapid, and Ellangowan had a total of 766, while Dundee followed with an aggregate of 739.

Teams for the Strathmore challenge trophy consisted of six men each, and the distances were 25 and 50 yards. Ellangowan's score was 1154, and Dundee were runners-up with 1138.

MOTHERWELL SOLDIER'S HONOUR.

For conspicuous bravery in the field during the recent heavy fighting, when he was wounded in the shoulder, Lance-Corporal Robert Bulloch, K.O.S.B., has been awarded the Military Medal. Lance-Corpl. Bulloch, who was a waggon builder with Messrs Hurst, Nelson, & Co., before enlisting fully three years ago, is a bright lad of twenty-two summers. He has been invalided home on two occasions, but he is at present being treated in a French hospital. His parents reside at Lonsdale Cottage, Firpark Street, Motherwell.

THE GIRL FROM NEW YORK.

Turn to page 8 and read the opening chapters of "The Girl from New York," a thrilling up-to-date story of the Secret Service from the pen of the famous author, E. Phillips Oppenheim.

WIFE COLLAPSES IN COURT.

HUSBAND CHARGED WITH ASSAULT

RUSHES TO WIFE'S ASSISTANCE.

Motherwell, Saturday.

A painful scene took place at Motherwell Police Court this morning, when a steel worker was charged with assaulting his wife in their own house the previous evening. The charge was that he had beaten his wife and rendered her insensible. This he denied. The Fiscal was prepared to lead evidence, but rather than allow the case to go to proof accused agreed to plead guilty.

His wife, who was seated in Court along with her two young children, and who had shown signs of weakness during her husband's remarks, suddenly collapsed in a fit, the children crying pitifully. Police officers at once went to her aid, while accused and a soldier rushed to her assistance.

The Assessor, in peremptory tones, ordered the Court officers to bring accused back, and not to allow him near his wife at all. The poor woman had a succession of painful seizures, and the business of the Court was entirely suspended for a short time.

After the patient had come round a little, the Fiscal pointed out that accused had been before the Court on previous occasions. He had been put on probation, but had broken his pledge.

Bailie Coughtrie said it was a very painful thing to have accused here on such a charge, and his wife in such a condition of health. He had already got an opportunity to mend, and hadn't taken it.

Accused, in contrite tones, pleaded for a chance, and said that he would leave drink alone.

The Magistrate said that, taking the circumstances of that morning into account, he would give him the opportunity of signing the pledge, and would put him on probation.

Accused signed with alacrity, the Clerk of the Court warning him that if the police found him the worse for liquor he would immediately be brought before the Court.

Accused was removed while his wife still lay on a seat in the Courtroom recovering from her painful attack.

NEWSPAPER MEN WITH THE COLOURS.

A Record Enlistment.

Of the staff of Messrs D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., proprietors of "The Post Sunday Special," three hundred and fifty members have now joined the army and navy. This is the largest enlistment from any Scottish newspaper establishment.

"THE SKEOCH HOTEL."

Rothesay, Saturday.

During the past two years a large amount of growing timber has been cut down and exported from the Island of Bute, and the urgent need of pit props has resulted in the issue of instructions to have the spruce plantation in the Skeoch Wood laid under the axe.

The news will be received with much regret by the many thousands of Glasgow citizens who thronged Rothesay in past Fairs. The Skeoch has been the scene of innumerable outings and picnics, and no holiday in the Maderia was considered complete without a ramble through the plantation.

It was as the "Hotel of the Beautiful Star" that the wood was best known. If the weather was fine at the Fair the Skeoch sheltered many hundreds of financially stranded "guests" each evening, and experiences of this kind have been the subject of many jokes and sketches.

The portion of the wood facing the shore, and which contains most of the walks, and many fine trees, will not at present be involved in the operations.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Mr Robert Holmes, a former member of Bonnybridge Draughts Club, has won the draughts championship of Australia.

United action is to be taken in Greenock against high food prices. A mass meeting of citizens will be held in the Town Hall as a protest.

Helensburgh Pipe Band yesterday paid a visit to Erskine House and entertained the limbless soldiers and sailors with a popular Highland concert.

At the monthly meeting of Bonhill Parish Council it was decided to increase the salary of Mr A. H. Lindsay, the inspector of poor, by £20 per annum.

Intimation has been received by Mr and Mrs Hugh Wilson, Parkside, West George Street, Coatbridge, of the death in action in France of their son, Second-Lieutenant Hugh Young Wilson, Gordon Highlanders.

Edward Easton, a man of the labouring class, was sent to prison for thirty days by Bailie Kelly at the Southern Police Court, Glasgow, yesterday, for having assaulted his wife in their house at 208 Pollokshaws Road.

Official news reached Hamilton yesterday that the D.S.O has been awarded Lieutenant T. F. Burke, son of the late Mr M. A. Burke and Mrs Burke, Annfield, Burnbank Road, Hamilton.

The award of the Military Medal, for conspicuous gallantry displayed recently in France, has been made to Corporal Robert Howie, Camerons, son of Councillor Andrew Howie, 3 Duke Street, Galston.

The "Men of the Mearns," the local Volunteer corps, are to be inspected at Stonehaven to-day by Field-Marshal Lord French. Their commander is Sir John Gladstone, Bart., Fasque.

Yesterday a body recovered from the Upper Docks at Aberdeen was identified as that of Augustus Girdlestone, nineteen years of age, naval seaman, 13 Epsome Terrace, Lowestoft, who went amissing on 14th May from his vessel.

Mr Alex. Bryce, Park Cottage, Dumbarton, has received intimation that his son, Temporary Captain Maurice Smith Bryce, R.A.M.C., attached to the Royal Berkshire Regiment, has been awarded the Military Cross for bravery in Salonika.

Private William Bert, Black Watch, previously reported wounded and missing on 23d April, is officially reported as having been killed on the 27th of that month. His wife resides in Hill Street, Montrose, and he was thirty-five years of age.

Official intimation has been received by Mr Samuel M'Donald, 1 Avenue Park, Bridge of Allan, that his son, Private Samuel M'Donald, Canadian Force, killed in action on 15th September last, has been posthumously awarded the Military Medal for valour in the field.

Fishermen on the Ayrshire seaboard report the presence of sharks in the Firth of Clyde, which during the past week or two have wrought some havoc to their nets. They are described as being about six feet long, and of an entirely different species from the man-eating variety.

The Rev. Norman Maclean, D.D., St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, has accepted the presidency of the recently-formed Prohibition Party, and Alderman G. B. Hunter, J.P., LL.D., Newcastle; Dr W. L. Reid, Glasgow; and John D. Rose, Kirkcaldy, have become vice-presidents.

Trooper George Clunie, Scots Greys, a native of Perth, has been killed in action. A regular soldier, Pte. Clunie proceeded to France at the outbreak of the war, and in its early stages was awarded the French Legion of Honour or bravery in the field. He was thirty years of age, and was only recently married.

LIFE STORY OF EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4).

Now, my father was on the very best of terms with the old Princess Clémentine of Coburg—an ugly old hag deaf as a post, and who used a huge ear-trumpet, the horn of which was draped with black lace. She had a son, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria—the "Foxy Ferdinand" of to-day's history. My mother and the Empress, who had just returned from her hunting season—the hunting of foxes and foibles in England—had, however, laid their heads together to unite me with Don Pedro of Brazil. Quite in ignorance I was taken to Baden-Baden in order to meet this most eligible young man, whose praises had been sung to me for a fortnight over the domestic dinner-table. Don Pedro! Oh! how well I remember the poor young fellow.

We were pushed into each other's society, both knowing that each was to marry the other.

How well I recollect our first stroll together in the beautifully-kept rose gardens. "Well, Louisa!" he exclaimed as he walked at my side. "My people want me to marry you. That is why we are here. Do you care for me?" he asked frankly.

"No," I replied. "I don't! But, of course, please forgive me for saying so, don't you?"

"Certainly," was his reply. "Both our people hope we shall fall in love with each other. I will not—if you won't."

"Right!" I said, laughing. At once I saw that Don Pedro was a young man to be trusted, and from henceforth we both had a great game with our respective families. Then I pretended to go lover's walks with him, he went out to meet a pretty young Mexican singer, while I strolled about and had many a chat with young men who had not the slightest inkling of my identity—among them a young British diplomat who was on the staff of the Embassy at Vienna, and who two years later recognised me at one of the balls at the Imperial Palace.

Poor Don Pedro! Ultimately he went raving mad—about a year after our escapades—and is now wearing out his life in one of the Imperial Castles in Austria a hopeless lunatic.

As regards the elegant, good-looking son of Aunt Clémentine of the ear-trumpet—the straw-stuffed man now known as "Foxy Ferdinand." Well, I will explain what happened.

I knew Ferdinand because I had met him five years before when he came to stay at the Palace. He, with his brother Philip of Coburg, had come to visit us, and the superior pair had treated me as non-existent until one day I showed them my opinion of them.

How I Overheard a Conversation.

In order that I should not understand they talked in Hungarian, and one day in that language they criticised my brother Leopold, declaring him to be "a miserable little upstart." I allowed them to continue their criticism, and listened also to the uncomplimentary remarks they made concerning my father and my sisters. Then I waited. But that evening when we sat down to dinner en famille I commenced to tell a story about two brothers who went out as guests to stay at a friend's house, and who could speak in a language unknown, and then I related all the criticisms I had remembered.

Philip of Coburg never forgave me, but I did not reveal to my family the identity of the two brothers, though Poldo naturally guessed it.

Prince Ferdinand, I think, admired me. At least such was proved by the events which followed. Before he left he became my good friend, and having conversed with me in one or two languages nicknamed me "My little polyglot cousin."

It was several years after that chatter in Hungarian that my father took me on a visit to Vienna, and, without my mother's knowledge, gently insinuated that I might really do worse than marry Ferdinand.

At this I merely shrugged my shoulders and smiled. But when a few days later we received a telegram inviting us to Alcuth, the great castle of the Princess Clotilde, Ferdinand's sister, not far from Budapest, I saw through the ruse.

We found the place situated in a remote and very romantic spot high upon a rock, a two hours' drive from the railway by one of the worst-kept roads over which I have ever jolted. I shall never forget the gaily-decked horses, the smart Hungarian driver in his blue and white livery, and the manner he urged on his horses and yelled as we flew over ruts and hillocks of sand.

I had no idea that Ferdinand was in the vicinity until next day he appeared on the scene, an elegant of elegants, the darling of the sharp-tongued old lady with the ear trumpet. He usually affected pale grey suits and smart Panama hats. Apparently he had a new suit and a new hat in which to do his wooing on this occasion, while his hands were beautifully manicured and his slim fingers laden with costly rings.

Elegants in grey suits, straw hats, and yellow boots have never appealed to me. I liked him just as little as when he had come to visit us at Salzburg, and, indeed, I grew angry that my father should have so entrapped me.

But I waited. Next day came a further shock. My mother arrived. Well knowing how she detested all the Coburgs, from old Aunt Clémentine downward, I at once set out to pretend to reciprocate the amorous advances of the ruler of the destinies of the Bulgars.

An Unsuccessful Wooer.

Together we went on long walks. My mother accompanied us as my chaperone, but not being a good walker she was quickly left behind while we went on ahead, His Highness the Prince never failing to whisper soft words into my ear.

All this amused me intensely. My mother grew frantic with rage at my father's duplicity. She hated Ferdinand, and each evening I heard her quarrelling with the Grand Duke, and urging him to cut short his visit.

Ferdinand grew more and more amorous. He presented me with beautiful bouquets of flowers, and wherever I wandered he constantly dogged my footsteps, for probably I had given him just a little encouragement for so doing. He had a good voice, and sang love songs out of the operas each evening whilst I strummed his accompaniments upon a piano which had been affected by the damp. Father was secretly reassured by the manner in which matters were progressing, while my mother became increasingly furious.

At last I felt that the crisis could not be longer delayed, for my brother Poldo had written from Vienna warning me.

"Be careful," he urged. "Ferdinand is cleverly playing Aunt Clémentine's game. He does not really care for you, Louisa, but aunt has told the Emperor that she means to marry her son to an Archduchess, whichever it may be does not matter. Bulgaria will not be safe, she says, until its reigning Princess is an Archduchess of Austria. So do be careful."

Poldo had really no need to warn me. I simply laid my plans, and while Ferdinand, whose amours had been notorious, had already told me that I was the only woman—the usual "only woman"—he could ever love, I set about to prepare my own little bombshell.

Aunt Clémentine had arrived at the Castle with the special ear-trumpet which she took out on visits, an ugly black affair with gold lace hanging over its opening. Ah! how well I can recollect how she shouted back at one in that high-pitched peevish voice. With her came the Archduke Otto, with the Archduke Sigismund, so that we were quite a family party, all assembled, I suppose, to hear the glad announcement that I was betrothed to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

On the night of Aunt Clémentine's arrival we all sat down at dinner, Ferdinand being seated opposite me, elegant and happy, and casting furtive glances which I mischievously reciprocated, greatly to my mother's intense annoyance. During the meal, however, Aunt Clémentine, with her ear-trumpet held over the table close to me, suddenly exclaimed in her shrill voice—

"Ah, Louisa! What a very delightful pair you will make when you marry my Ferdinand! Really, you grow prettier every day."

"Marry!" I shouted back into my old aunt's abominable ear-trumpet. "Why, I should never dream of marrying your son! Who said such a thing? I for one will never live in a country where the men go about in sheepskins and the women twine flowers in their hair. Ugh! Bulgaria may suit those who like the simple life, but for me Vienna, civilisation, and a decent opera. Besides—when I marry I shall marry a real man!"

The effect was electrical. But of the ultimate and interesting result of my sudden coup I shall have more to say in the next chapter.

NEXT WEEK—

Her Imperial Highness Princess Louisa of Saxony will continue her remarkable confessions.

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No more remarkable figure has been seen in the history of European Courts than Louisa of Tuscany, who refused to share a throne surrounded by intriguers of Potsdam.

THE LIFE STORY OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY

Told by Herself and Related by WILLIAM LE QUEUX

Mr William Le Queux has been one of the closest friends of the Ex-Crown Princess through a number of years and conducted many of her affairs while in Italy.

This week we commence the remarkable life story of Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, told by herself, and related by William Le Queux, one of her intimate friends. The Princess, who was the daughter of Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Princess Alice of Parma, married Prince Frederick-August, formerly Crown Prince and now King of Saxony, and she reveals many amazing secrets of her career, showing how she was forced to leave her husband, home, and children through the intrigues of unscrupulous enemies at Potsdam. The Princess was always a true friend of the people, and that was the chief reason she suffered, as is plain in her exposure of the evil schemes of the crowned heads such as the Kaiser, "Foxy" Ferdinand, and the late Emperor Josef, with whom she came in frequent touch.

AT the outset of this plain confession of facts which my old friend Mr William Le Queux is writing down for me I wish to make it absolutely clear that I have no intention of hiding my past, or of pursuing that pleasant pastime, so popular nowadays, of whitewashing myself.

Though I may be an Imperial Princess of the fatal Hapsburgs, with many titles after my name as registered in the "Almanach de Gotha," I am, after all, only a woman, with the same heart, the same sentiments, the same maternal love, and the same detestation of hypocrisy and sham as any woman who reads this narrative of mine.

I know Scotland well, and I know and admire the dear Scottish people. I know your beautiful Perthshire. I have shopped in Princes Street, in Edinburgh, and in Sauchiehall Street, in Glasgow, and I have been in Oban and in Inverness; but none has dreamed that the woman in a plain navy skirt and cream blouse—both made, by the way, in the Rue de la Paix—was the same person about whose erratic ways so much has been written at the instigation of her enemies.

I love the public. Heartily tired as I am of the glare and glitter of palaces, and the wild turmoil of amusing plot and counter-plot among those who elbow each other to get into the vicinity of a Throne, I prefer a life with the public to one apart from it.

An Escapade in My Maid's Dress.

Some years ago I went upon an escapade in Dresden which would have shocked the stiff and narrow-minded Court, in order to discover for myself in what estimation I was held by my Saxon people.

"Il Trovatore" was to be given at the Opera that night, and it struck me that, instead of attending with the Royal Circle as had been arranged—for at Court we are but creatures of routine and live by rules and arrangements laid down for us by the Minister of the Household and the other officials, whom we call the grandes charges de la Cour—I might go alone and watch. What fun!

So I pleaded a very bad headache, and later on sent word to my husband that I could not go to the Opera and did not wish to be disturbed.

Now, I had a confidential maid — one whom I had brought from Austria, and who had been with me some years—and in her I confided. I sent her out to a theatrical costumier, where she obtained a dark wig and a box of "make-up," and putting on one of her dresses I was soon transformed into a woman of the people. In this guise she saw me out of the Palace by the servants' entrance, and I proceeded to the Opera on foot, while the others were still dining. For some time I waited in the queue, then paid for my modest seat in the gallery, and at last found myself between two stout women high up, with the Royal box away on my right.

What I Heard in the Theatre Gallery.

The house gradually filled, while I sat there among the people. Ah! how my thoughts ran back to my girlhood days, my stiff upbringing, my staid angular governesses, with all the hide-bound regulations of Court manners and Court etiquette, and that parrot-cry ever dinned into my ears ever since I had been ten years of age, "Imperial Highness, be careful of the public!" "Imperial Highness, what will they think?" "Imperial Highness, what will they say?"

That night I sat with the public in order to hear and to know what they said.

The King and Queen entered, and the house, including myself, rose to salute them.

The stout woman on my left, with whom I had already become on friendly terms by offering her sight of my programme, exclaimed—

"Ah! Carola is in that same shabby old gown she wore a fortnight ago when she came to hear 'Faust.' Cannot a Queen afford a new one?'

"I suppose she wears her grand ones in the Palace, and puts on any wornout old thing when she comes here—afraid to spoil it—eh?" remarked the woman on my other hand.

At that moment my husband, smart in his blue uniform, smiling and good-looking, entered the box, and, advancing, bowed, whereupon all hands were clapped.

"Ah!" exclaimed the stout critic on my right. "The Crown Prince is only a dressed-up popinjay! He will be our King soon, of course—a fine, handsome man, but nowadays he dare not call his soul his own—with such a father and mother!"

"When he becomes King he will be all right," declared the other woman. "Old Albert cannot last for ever. But look! They've shut the door of the box. Where is Louisa? Isn't she coming?"

The orchestra struck up, and in the Royal box they had all settled themselves.

"Poor Louisa!" went on the woman, turning to me confidentially as she added, "Another unpleasantness, I suppose! Her life must be a wretched one. She looks always so smiling and so good-tempered, yet whenever one sees her driving, here in the theatre, at the reviews, there is a look in her face of sadness and disappointment. Haven't you noticed it?" she asked. "That smile she wears is only the mask of a broken heart."

"Do you really think so?" I asked

"Yes, of course. Why, everyone knows what a dull life she has of it with old Carola snapping at her all the time, and the King going out of his way to make things uncomfortable for her. Everybody in Saxony pities poor Louisa!"

I was silent. So that was what the public were saying about me!

The stout woman I took to be the wife of an artisan, the other was no doubt wife of a small tradesman, and I—well, I was the wife of the elegant, good-looking Crown Prince who sat in the middle of the Royal box smiling graciously upon those he would so soon be called upon to rule. I learnt much that evening. It taught me that though I was without friends in that great, gloomy gilded Palace yet the Saxon people were my friends, and, indeed, though their men have now been forced by the Kaiser to fight against Britain, neither they nor their women have ever deserted me to this day.

Yes, I love the public; yet from my earliest recollections as a girl I had been always taught to hate das verdammte Publikum ("the damned public"), as my father, the Grand Duke, usually referred to the people, a favourite remark, by the way, of the late Emperor Francis Josef.

My Early Days.

For the benefit of those who may not know exactly who I am, I may perhaps say that, though I am usually called Louisa, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, I was christened on September 8, 1870, at the Imperial Castle of Salzburg with eleven different names, and succeeded to the titles of Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of this, Baroness of that, Countess, and what-not. Under my last title, Countess of Montignoso—a beautiful estate in Italy belonging to my family—I am still known, for even the wrath of poor old Francis Josef—himself no saint, by the way—could not deprive me of that. My father was Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and my grandfather, the last ruler of Tuscany, lived in the Pitti Palace, in Florence (now turned into one of the greatest art galleries in the world), until forced by political events to bid farewell to his people and return to his Hapsburg home.

The Hapsburgs are all notable for their taste in feminine beauty, and my father carried out the family tradition by falling in love at the age of eighteen with the pretty dark-eyed daughter of a Florence tradesman who lived close to the Palace. The pair were inseparable, but my grandfather discovered the affair, and, fearing a mésalliance, promptly shut up his son for many weeks in the Palace. Love, however, laughed at locksmiths, and the pair found means to communicate. There are some who say that he married her, but in any case if he did it did not prevent him marrying two years later Princess Anna, daughter of King John of Saxony. She, however, died of typhoid in Naples three years afterwards through eating infected oysters.

All About My Relations.

My grandfather, the old Grand Duke, was hoping to be re-established in Tuscany, hence he urged upon my father to seek as second wife an eligible Princess of Italian birth. He therefore kept his eyes open, and one day, at the great house of the Comte de Chambord, at Frohsdorf, near Vienna, he met a pretty, petite, fair-haired girl, Princess Alice of Parma, who subsequently became my mother, while her sister, my aunt, married the late Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid.

My mother, though she had ten children, was for years an exquisite dancer, a daring horsewoman, and one of the finest among women shots in all Europe. She possessed some very wonderful jewels, some magnificent diamonds, and also the celebrated necklace which Boehmer made for Marie Antoinette, a necklace which I have often worn at Court functions.

It was upon my father's second marriage that his cousin, the Emperor of Austria, gave him the Imperial Castle of Salzburg—that great, gloomy old place with the fountain in front, in which by the strictest and most strait-laced of governesses I was prepared for the part I was destined to play at the Courts of Europe.

No more repellent place could there be than this enormous old Palace. It lies beneath the shadow of three separate churches, and was built by the Archbishop of Salzburg in the latter sixteenth century, so that it was possible to reach the churches without going outside the Palace. In the old days, when the Archbishop and his friends pursued their pious lives there, it was no doubt a merry abode, for it is on record that the old ecclesiastics were a cheerful party, and when tired of feasting and wine-bibbing and their own company they passed through a long subterranean passage—discovered quite recently—which led away to a beautiful old villa called Hellbrun, where they were in the habit of entertaining their lady friends in secret.

But, oh! the gloom of the inartistic old Palace in these days! In the great long Grand Gallery there are time-blackened portraits of dozens upon dozens of my illustrious ancestors of both sexes. Of that gallery stories of secret poisonings are told, and for many a year during my childhood I believed that at night those ancestors of mine stepped out of their frames and sat together at the long oaken tables in the centre.

A Grim Tradition.

There is a grim tradition, too, that in a certain upstairs room a fair chatelaine of the castle, whose portrait still hangs at the end of the gallery, used to be in the habit of receiving her plebeian lovers in secret at night. But when the unsuspecting swains departed they, in passing to the door, trod upon a loose panel in the flooring, which gave way. They disappeared, and the trap sprang back to its place. Those adventurous spirits who had been admitted in secret told no tales, for they were precipitated down a narrow shaft set with sharp knives at angles so that they were cut to pieces in their descent, and their bodies swept away into the rushing culvert deep beneath the castle foundations.

With my brother Leopold I often used to make search for this trapdoor, and certainly we found in one of the smaller rooms up-

The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony and her youngest daughter, Princess Monica-Pia.

stairs, now used as a lumber room, traces of a more modern piece of flooring just inside the door.

Well, in that gloomy old castle upon which my father refused to spend anything unnecessary upon repairs, and where in consequence some of the beautiful tapestries were rotting, and the ancient brocaded silks upon the walls were hanging in forlorn tatters, I spent my early days, a childhood the reverse of bright amid the ghosts of my erratic ancestors.

My father, the most lovable, yet the most excitable, of men, was extremely active and energetic. Summer and winter he was always up and about by four o'clock in the morning, and though something of a martinet he was, nevertheless, adored by his seventy-five body-servants, all of whom held some trivial office which they themselves believed to be most important. He was without pride, an extremely business-like man who attended to every detail of his own big household. I remember once when the Emperor Francis Joseph was to visit us he decided that the State apartments must be redecorated—"and hang the expense."

I was then about sixteen, and had, I suppose, already developed some artistic tastes, for I was called into consultation with the rest of the family as to the proposed colour scheme. My mother fancied pale mauve and gold, my father pale green, and heated words ensued between them regarding it.

Whereupon I led them to one of the smaller rooms usually kept locked, and showed them a carved panel which I had already decorated with pale carnation-pink from my paint-box, and had covered the carved bunches of grapes which bordered it with leaf-gold.

A Reward From the Emperor.

My father was delighted when he saw it. "Truly, Louisa, your scheme is really most artistic. You ought to marry a house decorator!"

So in carnation-pink the State apartments were decorated, and so they remain until this day.

Further, the Emperor, knowing only the dull brown-and-gold of the Renaissance there, expressed great surprise at the brightness of the new scheme, and when told to whom it was due His Majesty sent for me and gave me a very pretty diamond pendant. "As a reward for art, Louisa!" he said, laughing. That pendant I often wear nowadays.

My father was one of the wicked old Emperor's cronies, and used to be absent for many weeks at a time shooting with him and with the fated Crown Prince Rudolph.

From the moment when I could toddle until the day of my betrothal those years of my youth were spent in a fretful martyrdom. Ah! you of the world who may lead your own lives, who may map out for yourself your own paths, whither Fate wills that they shall lie in pleasant places or upon the thorny ground of unhappiness, little dream of the daily drudgery, the constant self-sacrifice, the hourly longing to burst the bounds, of those who have the misfortune to be of the blood royal, and who from their earliest years are trained with as stern a training as that meted out to any performing horse, dog, or monkey, to prance and perform their allotted duties upon the stage of the Imperial and Royal Theatre of Europe.

Tired of Constant Drudgery.

"Your Imperial Highness!" Phew! How those three hateful words beat ever upon my brain! How day in and day out for fifteen years nurses and governesses told me that I was wrong—always wrong! "Ah! You are like a mere child of the people!" my nurse used to say in disgust, as though I were of other clay than any other child. My mother, the Grand Duchess, when she heard tales about me would scold me, always declaring, "Louisa! you are entirely incorrigible. To think that a child of mine should be so utterly vulgar!"

But, truth to tell, my brother Leopold, who was ever my friend, was always in the same scrapes with me, and often we "put our heads together" to plot in order to scandalise our nurses, and later on our staid, old governesses.

Never shall I forget one summer's afternoon when we went for a walk with Frau Loebner, one of the most dignified of governesses, a stout, pompous woman of noble birth, whom we hated heartily, and upon whom we had sworn revenge for her constant talebearing. In Salzburg, that pleasant, picturesque old town, we were, of course, well known and always an object of interest when we walked out.

An Impromptu Bath.

We crossed the river and strolled to the Franz Josef Park, which was a favourite promenade for the Salzburgers in the afternoon and much frequented by local nobodies who called themselves "Society." In the centre of the park is a lake with a number of pleasure boats, including our own white-and-red boat, upon which, with a small crowd of the curious around us, we duly embarked. The man rowed us for a short distance, when, after a whispered consultation with Leopold, I suddenly announced—

"Please, may I bathe? It is so horribly hot this afternoon."

"Your Imperial Highness!" cried Frau Loebner, much scandalised. "Bathe! Whatever are you thinking about? Look at all the people!"

"I don't care a single jot for the people—I'm just going to bathe!" I announced.

"Yes, do, Louisa! And bother the d——d public, as papa says! What fun. How they will stare!"

"Your Imperial Highness, Prince Leopold! How dare you say such a thing!" shouted the governess in fury. "I will tell His Highness the Grand Duke!"

But without waiting for more words I suddenly stood up in the boat, and, just as I was, in a new white costume, I made a plunge into the water, very nearly upsetting the boat in doing so.

Frau Loebner screamed. Leopold roared with laughter and clapped his hands in his glee, whereupon I shouted back that the water was beautifully cool, and, yelling, "Come on, Peldo!" struck out towards the shore, greatly to the excitement of the "society" crowd, who naturally believed I had fallen overboard.

I landed on the opposite bank, where two strange young men assisted me out.

"Thanks ever so much!" I said, laughing hugely. "I'm all right! I've only done it to frighten them!" I said. "Let me walk away alone," I added, in confidence. "I am in for a lot of trouble, I think."

The two young fellows—students, I believe—allowed me to go, and so away along the tree-lined Giseria-Kai beside the river I walked, hastily climbing the hill and getting into the palace by the back entrance in the Kaffnerstrasse.

I had passed along one of the dark corridors on my way up to my room hatless and bedraggled, like a half-drowned rat, when, as bad luck would have it, I met the elegant Count von Herberstein, the Grand Master of the Court.

"Himmel!" he gasped. "Whatever has happened? Have you been drowned, Imperial Highness?"

"No," I laughed. "I've been out for a swim. Frau Loebner would not let me go, so I just took matters into my own hands and went."

And I passed along to my own room. But my heart sank, because I knew that the Count did not tolerate me because of a certain discovery I had made concerning him a fortnight before. He was a tall, very handsome man, who had been a bosom friend of the Crown Prince Rudolph, and had lived the "life" in Vienna for ten years. But one moonlit evening when out alone for a stroll in the grounds of the palace I had accidentally come across him kissing Fraulein Batthyany, one of my mother's pious maids-of-honour. We had come face to face. Fraulein had drawn back into the shadow, but with girlish glee I had cried out—

"Hullos, Fraulein Irma!" and this had given away the amorous game.

My Mother Intervenes.

"Well, I reached my room, but before I could get off all my wet clothes my mother, the Grand Duchess, banged furiously at the door, and I had to admit her.

"Louisa!" she cried, pale with anger. "I have just seen von Herberstein. So this is how you act when you go out into the town—in order to disgrace our Imperial family. Where is Frau Loebner."

"I have no idea," I replied curtly. "I left her out in the boat."

"And Leopold?"

"He tried to follow, but she held him back. The boat nearly turned over. It was fortunate that Poldo didn't come in after me, for if he had the boat would have certainly turned over, and perhaps poor Frau Loebner might have been drowned."

My mother, red and pale in turn, was nearly beside herself with anger, but I only laughed, and slipping off my wet clothes I tossed them airily across the room, saying—

"Ah, how beautifully cool I feel now! It was really worth it."

"Worth it!" shrieked my mother. "Worth it! You are not in your senses, Louisa. When your father comes back from the Villa Orth I shall inform him."

"Please tell him that Poldo would have followed me, only Frau Loebner was afraid that the boat might go over."

That escapade cost me much liberty and a terrible amount of unnecessary sticking to lessons. Ah! you who are not of Imperial birth know nothing of the iron-ruled education of a Princess. You look at photographs of the pretty children of Royalty as depicted in your picture papers, all of them prim and proper little persons, mostly of the very goody-goody type, but you little dream of the rebellious hearts which are beating within their young breasts.

True, to-day I can speak five languages, all of them pretty well perfectly; I gained all sorts of diplomas for mathematics, history, music, chemistry, and geography; I have composed songs; and I have translated Dante into German; yet all of it is but the ordinary education of an Imperial Princess!

But there is yet more. Part of my training was to sit erect at a table without a back to my chair for five hours at a stretch in order to train me to sit out those long ceremonial dinners at which I was to be in future doomed to attend.

"An Imperial Princess must never show any sign of fatigue," Frau Loebner used to declare. "This afternoon, Imperial Highness, you must sit at table." It was not a punishment, but as ordinary as a painting lesson.

I had to undergo that terrible torture without being allowed a book to read, while my governess used to loll in an easy chair opposite me—and sometimes doze!

Again, my riding lessons were as severe as ever given to the girl intended to figure in the circus ring. Dozens of times in my early days I had bad falls, and have sat in tears at my rough bruises. But my slave-taskmasters were obdurate. "Her Imperial Highness must be taught to ride properly," they declared.

"Foxy" Ferdinand Seeks My Hand.

There came a time when my parents began to think seriously of the most eligible young man to marry me. "Louisa must be married!" my mother said. And my father was entirely of her opinion.

My father, merry go-ahead man that he was, the Prince who had commenced life by falling in love with a tradesman's daughter, had his eye, no doubt, to the main chance, and, of course, hoped that I might marry a Royalty. So in secret did my Imperial mother.

[CONTINUED AT FOOT OF NEXT PAGE.]

LADY CLERKS IN KHAKI?

OBJECTIONS OF HAMILTON GIRLS TO DON UNIFORM.

INDIGNANT "SWANKS."

("Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Hamilton, Saturday.

Yesterday, the young ladies employed as typists and clerkesses in the various army offices in Hamilton received payment of a war bonus which was authorised by the authorities some time ago. As the bonus is retrospective over a period of weeks, hundreds of the ladies had a substantial sum to uplift yesterday.

To the greater portion of the fair clerkesses, the payment of the bonus came most opportunely as it synchronised with their holiday leave for six days, which is now due. The lady clerks are being relieved in batches for holidays.

In the main, the clerkesses are enamoured of their work, their wages, plus the now war bonus, and the interest shown in their welfare by the responsible officers, but there is one fly in the ointment, and that has reference to a rumour which has gone the round of the offices that a new order is to be enforced that the girls and women shall forthwith wear a distinctive uniform in the course of their duties.

Objections to Khaki.

Fantastic and fanciful stories are going the rounds of Hamilton as to the type of uniform which has to be assumed. A few talk grandiloquently of blue serge and gold braid, while others claim to know that the authorities are predisposed to the tartan skirt and green jacket worn by Glasgow's tramway workers.

A "Post Sunday Special" representative to-day took the opportunity of conversing with several of the clerkesses, with a view of ascertaining their attitude on the subject of a distinctive uniform.

"It's khaki," positively asserted one young lady. "A sample of the cloth was passed round the girls in my department this forenoon, and while plain Jane and steady-going Eliza may like it all right, I am afraid, as they say in the penny novelettes, it will be rather "de trop" for Maudie and Edith who have cultivated a fastidious taste in blouses."

"Yes," rapidly interjected a matronly-looking clerkess, "I'll welcome the uniform gladly if it restrains the over-dressing proclivities of some of the younger girls. The swanks may disdain to wear the uniform, and I believe some may throw up their appointments rather than submit to donning it, but the sensible lassies will take to the idea kindly."

"Besides," chimed in a third, "my lady supervisor told me to-day that the clerkesses in France all wear a uniform. We are doing our bit at home here just as well as they, and really I'd love to have a uniform."

The Absorbing Topic.

The one absorbing topic of conversation amongst the girls to-day has a reference as to whether this or that uniform is "smart," "natty," or "chronic." Excitement unquestionably prevails amongst the lady quillrivers, and they are at their wits' end to ascertain the views of the authorities. In fact, those in responsible posts are being pestered with an interminable series of "leading" questions, as they say in legal circles.

There is evidence to show that some reform is in contemplation, but it may in the end turn out that the order has a reference only to the wearing of "a khaki overall" while on duty. Indeed, that is the belief which is entertained by a number of the older clerkesses who are not disposed to be finicky or frivolous notions.

THE COLONEL'S CHAUFFEUR.

TRIBUNAL REFUSE EXEMPTION IN NOVEL CASE.

WAR OFFICE TRANSFERS MAN TO CLASS "W."

Glasgow, Saturday.

At the sitting of the Dumbartonshire Tribunal in Glasgow to-day, the military representative asked for the withdrawal of the exemptions granted to six men, chiefly dyers, formerly employed by the Turkey Red Company at Milngavie, on the ground that the men were not now engaged in the work for which the certificate was granted. The men had refused substitution offered on the ground that the wage was not sufficient to pay lodgings and also keep their own families going.

The certificates were withdrawn, and the men were told they could still make an appeal on personal grounds

A Chauffeur's Position.

Colonel R. C. Mackenzie, Edinbarnet, Duntocher, chairman of Glasgow Territorial Force Association, in appealing for his chauffeur, aged thirty-seven, mentioned that his previous appeals had been turned down by the Tribunals, but, being at the War Office, he reported the case there, and was told that the officer commanding No. 1 District, Scotland, would be communicated with. The man was placed in Class W, Territorial Force Reserve, in consideration of the amount of war work he (Colonel Mackenzie) was doing.

On presenting himself at Stirling the man was classed "unfit," and received his discharge, and on being re-examined under the last Act he was classed B1 and ordered to join on 27th June. Col. Mackenzie appended an answer for the Recruiting Officer, Stirling, to a reminder about the former War Office action in connection with this man.

Military Representative's Opinion.

The recruiting officer wrote that he had sent Col. Mackenzie's letter to the officer commanding No. 1 District, Perth, for decision, and he was instructed to say that the man's case should go before the Tribunal, when it would appear that the exemption would be granted in view of the work in which he was engaged.

The military representative did not think, if the War Office was able to put the man in W Reserve, that they should worry about it.

Mr Jack suggested that a discharged soldier should be got.

Col. Mackenzie — This is a discharged soldier.

Exemption was refused.

BOY SCOUTS' SPORTS AT LEITH.

Leith, Saturday.

For the first time in the history of the Boy Scout movement in Leith, sports were held under the auspices of the local Scouts' Association in Victoria Park this afternoon, and among the large gathering of spectators present were Provost Malcolm Smith and Captain Cairns, district commissioner.

All the Scout troops in the town were represented, and in numerous events there was keen competition, the entries for several being over a hundred.

The following are the first prize-winners in the leading events:—

Throwing the Cricket Ball—John Watson, 7th Troop.

100 Yards Flat Race for Boys over 15—John Watson.

Broad Jump for Boys over 13—John Watson (17 feet).

High Jump—T. Gordon, 4th Troop.

High Jump for Boys over 13—J. Watson.

Tug-of-War—Final—7th Troop.

Five-a-side Football—7th Troop.

Champion of the Sports—John Watson.

VALE SOLDIER WHO WAS MOURNED AS DEAD

WRITES TO WIFE FROM GERMAN HOSPITAL.

Alexandria, Saturday.

Early in May Mrs Robert Rankin, 45 Random Street, Alexandria, received official intimation that her husband, Private Robert Rankin, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, had been killed in action in France on 23d April. Along with her relatives she went into mourning, and the insurance money was paid on his death claim. His photo was published in the papers, and he was mourned as dead.

The sadness, however, has been turned to joy, as to-day Mrs Rankin has received a letter from her husband stating that he is a prisoner of war in Germany, and is in hospital but getting on well. The letter is in his own handwriting, and, needless to say, there was much joy among his friends at the glad tidings. Rankin is a well-known Valeite. He was four months in France when taken prisoner, and prior to enlisting he was employed with the Vale of Leven Co-Operative Society, Limited, Alexandria. Mrs Rankin has been the recipient of numerous messages of congratulations from all parts of the district.

MINIATURE RIFLE COMPETITION.

Dundee, Saturday Night.

Ellangowan are the crack team of the Dundee and Forfarshire Association of Miniature Rifle Clubs. At the annual competition for the Association's trophies, held this afternoon, they carried off the Longair and Strathmore Cups.

The Longair trophy was open to teams of four men, ten rounds deliberate and ten rounds rapid, and Ellangowan had a total of 766, while Dundee followed with an aggregate of 739.

Teams for the Strathmore challenge trophy consisted of six men each, and the distances were 25 and 50 yards. Ellangowan's score was 1154, and Dundee were runners-up with 1138.

MOTHERWELL SOLDIER'S HONOUR.

For conspicuous bravery in the field during the recent heavy fighting, when he was wounded in the shoulder, Lance-Corporal Robert Bulloch, K.O.S.B., has been awarded the Military Medal. Lance-Corpl. Bulloch, who was a waggon builder with Messrs Hurst, Nelson, & Co., before enlisting fully three years ago, is a bright lad of twenty-two summers. He has been invalided home on two occasions, but he is at present being treated in a French hospital. His parents reside at Lonsdale Cottage, Firpark Street, Motherwell.

THE GIRL FROM NEW YORK.

Turn to page 8 and read the opening chapters of "The Girl from New York," a thrilling up-to-date story of the Secret Service from the pen of the famous author, E. Phillips Oppenheim.

WIFE COLLAPSES IN COURT.

HUSBAND CHARGED WITH ASSAULT

RUSHES TO WIFE'S ASSISTANCE.

Motherwell, Saturday.

A painful scene took place at Motherwell Police Court this morning, when a steel worker was charged with assaulting his wife in their own house the previous evening. The charge was that he had beaten his wife and rendered her insensible. This he denied. The Fiscal was prepared to lead evidence, but rather than allow the case to go to proof accused agreed to plead guilty.

His wife, who was seated in Court along with her two young children, and who had shown signs of weakness during her husband's remarks, suddenly collapsed in a fit, the children crying pitifully. Police officers at once went to her aid, while accused and a soldier rushed to her assistance.

The Assessor, in peremptory tones, ordered the Court officers to bring accused back, and not to allow him near his wife at all. The poor woman had a succession of painful seizures, and the business of the Court was entirely suspended for a short time.

After the patient had come round a little, the Fiscal pointed out that accused had been before the Court on previous occasions. He had been put on probation, but had broken his pledge.

Bailie Coughtrie said it was a very painful thing to have accused here on such a charge, and his wife in such a condition of health. He had already got an opportunity to mend, and hadn't taken it.

Accused, in contrite tones, pleaded for a chance, and said that he would leave drink alone.

The Magistrate said that, taking the circumstances of that morning into account, he would give him the opportunity of signing the pledge, and would put him on probation.

Accused signed with alacrity, the Clerk of the Court warning him that if the police found him the worse for liquor he would immediately be brought before the Court.

Accused was removed while his wife still lay on a seat in the Courtroom recovering from her painful attack.

NEWSPAPER MEN WITH THE COLOURS.

A Record Enlistment.

Of the staff of Messrs D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., proprietors of "The Post Sunday Special," three hundred and fifty members have now joined the army and navy. This is the largest enlistment from any Scottish newspaper establishment.

"THE SKEOCH HOTEL."

Rothesay, Saturday.

During the past two years a large amount of growing timber has been cut down and exported from the Island of Bute, and the urgent need of pit props has resulted in the issue of instructions to have the spruce plantation in the Skeoch Wood laid under the axe.

The news will be received with much regret by the many thousands of Glasgow citizens who thronged Rothesay in past Fairs. The Skeoch has been the scene of innumerable outings and picnics, and no holiday in the Maderia was considered complete without a ramble through the plantation.

It was as the "Hotel of the Beautiful Star" that the wood was best known. If the weather was fine at the Fair the Skeoch sheltered many hundreds of financially stranded "guests" each evening, and experiences of this kind have been the subject of many jokes and sketches.

The portion of the wood facing the shore, and which contains most of the walks, and many fine trees, will not at present be involved in the operations.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Mr Robert Holmes, a former member of Bonnybridge Draughts Club, has won the draughts championship of Australia.

United action is to be taken in Greenock against high food prices. A mass meeting of citizens will be held in the Town Hall as a protest.

Helensburgh Pipe Band yesterday paid a visit to Erskine House and entertained the limbless soldiers and sailors with a popular Highland concert.

At the monthly meeting of Bonhill Parish Council it was decided to increase the salary of Mr A. H. Lindsay, the inspector of poor, by £20 per annum.

Intimation has been received by Mr and Mrs Hugh Wilson, Parkside, West George Street, Coatbridge, of the death in action in France of their son, Second-Lieutenant Hugh Young Wilson, Gordon Highlanders.

Edward Easton, a man of the labouring class, was sent to prison for thirty days by Bailie Kelly at the Southern Police Court, Glasgow, yesterday, for having assaulted his wife in their house at 208 Pollokshaws Road.

Official news reached Hamilton yesterday that the D.S.O has been awarded Lieutenant T. F. Burke, son of the late Mr M. A. Burke and Mrs Burke, Annfield, Burnbank Road, Hamilton.

The award of the Military Medal, for conspicuous gallantry displayed recently in France, has been made to Corporal Robert Howie, Camerons, son of Councillor Andrew Howie, 8 Duke Street, Galston.

The "Men of the Mearns," the local Volunteer corps, are to be inspected at Stonehaven to-day by Field-Marshal Lord French. Their commander is Sir John Gladstone, Bart., Fasque.

Yesterday a body recovered from the Upper Docks at Aberdeen was identified as that of Augustus Girdlestone, nineteen years of age, naval seaman, 13 Epsome Terrace, Lowestoft, who went amissing on 14th May from his vessel.

Mr Alex. Bryce, Park Cottage, Dumbarton, has received intimation that his son, Temporary Captain Maurice Smith Bryce, R.A.M.C., attached to the Royal Berkshire Regiment, has been awarded the Military Cross for bravery in Salonika.

Private William Bert, Black Watch, previously reported wounded and missing on 23d April, is officially reported as having been killed on the 27th of that month. His wife resides in Hill Street, Montrose, and he was thirty-five years of age.

Official intimation has been received by Mr Samuel M'Donald, 1 Avenue Park, Bridge of Allan, that his son, Private Samuel M'Donald, Canadian Force, killed in action on 15th September last, has been posthumously awarded the Military Medal for valour in the field.

Fishermen on the Ayrshire seaboard report the presence of sharks in the Firth of Clyde, which during the past week or two have wrought some havoc to their nets. They are described as being about six feet long, and of an entirely different species from the man-eating variety.

The Rev. Norman Maclean, D.D., St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, has accepted the presidency of the recently-formed Prohibition Party, and Alderman G. B. Hunter, J.P., LL.D., Newcastle; Dr W. L. Reid, Glasgow; and John D. Rose, Kirkcaldy, have become vice-presidents.

Trooper George Clunie, Scots Greys, a native of Perth, has been killed in action. A regular soldier, Pte. Clunie proceeded to France at the outbreak of the war, and in its early stages was awarded the French Legion of Honour or bravery in the field. He was thirty years of age, and was only recently married.

LIFE STORY OF EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4).

Now, my father was on the very best of terms with the old Princess Clémentine of Coburg—an ugly old hag deaf as a post, and who used a huge ear-trumpet, the horn of which was draped with black lace. She had a son, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria—the "Foxy Ferdinand" of to-day's history. My mother and the Empress, who had just returned from her hunting season—the hunting of foxes and foibles in England—had, however, laid their heads together to unite me with Don Pedro of Brazil. Quite in ignorance I was taken to Baden-Baden in order to meet this most eligible young man, whose praises had been sung to me for a fortnight over the domestic dinner-table. Don Pedro! Oh! how well I remember the poor young fellow.

We were pushed into each other's society, both knowing that each was to marry the other.

How well I recollect our first stroll together in the beautifully-kept rose gardens.

"Well, Louisa!" he exclaimed as he walked at my side. "My people want me to marry you. That is why we are here. Do you care for me?" he asked frankly.

"No," I replied. "I don't! But, of course, please forgive me for saying so, don't you?"

"Certainly," was his reply. "Both our people hope we shall fall in love with each other. I will not—if you won't."

"Right!" I said, laughing. At once I saw that Don Pedro was a young man to be trusted, and from henceforth we both had a great game with our respective families. When I pretended to go lover's walks with him he went out to meet a pretty young Spanish singer, while I strolled about and had many a chat with young men who had not the slightest inkling of my identity—among them a young British diplomat who was on the staff of the Embassy at Vienna, and who 20 years later recognised me at one of the Courts at the Imperial Palace.

Poor Don Pedro! Ultimately he went raving mad—about a year after our escapades—and is now wearing out his life in one of the Imperial Castles in Austria a hopeless lunatic.

As regards the elegant, good-looking son of Aunt Clémentine of the ear-trumpet—the straw-stuffed man now known as "Foxy Ferdinand." Well, I will explain what happened.

I knew Ferdinand because I had met him five years before when he came to stay at the Palace. He, with his brother Philip of Coburg, had come to visit us, and the superior pair had treated me as non-existent until one day I showed them my opinion of them.

How I Overheard a Conversation.

In order that I should not understand they talked in Hungarian, and one day in that language they criticised my brother Leopold, declaring him to be "a miserable little upstart." I allowed them to continue their criticism, and listened also to the uncomplimentary remarks they made concerning my father and my sisters. Then I waited. But that evening when we sat down to dinner en famille I commenced to tell a story about two brothers who went out as guests to stay at a friend's house, and who could speak in a language unknown, and then I related all the criticisms I had remembered.

Philip of Coburg never forgave me, but I did not reveal to my family the identity of the two brothers, though Poldo naturally guessed it.

Prince Ferdinand, I think, admired me. At least such was proved by the events which followed. Before he left he became my good friend, and having conversed with me in one or two languages nicknamed me "My little polyglot cousin."

It was several years after that chatter in Hungarian that my father took me on a visit to Vienna, and, without my mother's knowledge, gently insinuated that I might really do worse than marry Ferdinand.

At this I merely shrugged my shoulders and smiled. But when a few days later we received a telegram inviting us to Alcuth, the great castle of the Princess Clotilde, Ferdinand's sister, not far from Budapest, I saw through the ruse.

We found the place situated in a remote and very romantic spot high upon a rock, a two hours' drive from the railway by one of the worst-kept roads over which I have ever jolted. I shall never forgot the gaily-decked horses, the smart Hungarian driver in his blue and white livery, and the manner he urged on his horses and yelled as we flew over ruts and hillocks of sand.

I had no idea that Ferdinand was in the vicinity until next day he appeared on the scene, an elegant of elegants, the darling of the sharp-tongued old lady with the ear trumpet. He usually affected pale grey suits and smart Panama hats. Apparently he had a new suit and a new hat in which to do his wooing on this occasion, while his hands were beautifully manicured and his slim fingers laden with costly rings.

Elegants in grey suits, straw hats, and yellow boots have never appealed to me. I liked him just as little as when he had come to visit us at Salzburg, and, indeed, I grew angry that my father should have so entrapped me.

But I waited. Next day came a further shock. My mother arrived. Well knowing how she detested all the Coburgs, from old Aunt Clémentine downward, I at once set out to pretend to reciprocate the amorous advances of the ruler of the destinies of the Bulgars.

An Unsuccessful Wooer.

Together we went on long walks. My mother accompanied us as my chaperone, but not being a good walker she was quickly left behind while we went on ahead, His Highness the Prince never failing to whisper soft words into my ear.

All this amused me intensely. My mother grew frantic with rage at my father's duplicity. She hated Ferdinand, and each evening I heard her quarrelling with the Grand Duke, and urging him to cut short his visit.

Ferdinand grew more and more amorous. He presented me with beautiful bouquets of flowers, and wherever I wandered he constantly dogged my footsteps, for probably I had given him just a little encouragement for so doing. He had a good voice, and sang love songs out of the operas each evening whilst I strummed his accompaniments upon a piano which had been affected by the damp. Father was secretly reassured by the manner in which matters were progressing, while my mother became increasingly furious.

At last I felt that the crisis could not be longer delayed, for my brother Poldo had written from Vienna warning me.

"Be careful," he urged. "Ferdinand is cleverly playing Aunt Clémentine's game. He does not really care for you, Louisa, but aunt has told the Emperor that she means to marry her son to an Archduchess, whichever it may be does not matter. Bulgaria will not be safe, she says, until its reigning Princess is an Archduchess of Austria. So do be careful."

Poldo had really no need to warn me. I simply laid my plans, and while Ferdinand, whose amours had been notorious, had already told me that I was the only woman—the usual "only woman"—he could ever love, I set about to prepare my own little bombshell.

Aunt Clémentine had arrived at the Castle with the special ear-trumpet which she took out on visits, an ugly black affair with gold lace hanging over its opening. Ah! how well I can recollect how she shouted back at one in that high-pitched peevish voice. With her came the Archduke Otto, with the Archduke Sigismund, so that we were quite a family party, all assembled, I suppose, to hear the glad announcement that I was betrothed to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

On the night of Aunt Clémentine's arrival we all sat down at dinner, Ferdinand being seated opposite me, elegant and happy, and casting furtive glances which I mischievously reciprocated, greatly to my mother's intense annoyance. During the meal, however, Aunt Clémentine, with her ear-trumpet held over the table close to me, suddenly exclaimed in her shrill voice—

"Ah, Louisa! What a very delightful pair you will make when you marry my Ferdinand! Really, you grow prettier every day."

"Marry!" I shouted back into my old aunt's abominable ear-trumpet. "Why, I should never dream of marrying your son! Who said such a thing? I for one will never live in a country where the men go about in sheepskins and the women twine flowers in their hair. Ugh! Bulgaria may suit those who like the simple life, but for me Vienna, civilisation, and a decent opera. Besides—when I marry I shall marry a real man!"

The effect was electrical. But of the ultimate and interesting result of my sudden coup I shall have more to say in the next chapter.

NEXT WEEK--

Her Imperial Highness Princess Louisa of Saxony will continue her remarkable confessions.

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LATEST FROM LONDON.

PREMIER'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.

BEGINNING OF NEW POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

MORE than usual importance is attached in political circles to the visit which Mr Lloyd George is paying to Glasgow this week. The speech which the Prime Minister will deliver marks, I am told, the beginning of a very considerable political campaign throughout the country.

Ministers are beginning to realise that no one can speak with any certainty about the probable duration of the war, and the public ought to be taken more into their confidence and told more clearly how things are shaping at the front.

According to the messages now being received in London, the Germans are finding the pressure increasing on the British front, and they are preparing for grave events. It is even said that the summer may mark the deliverance of Belgium. But while the Germans may crack suddenly, anything may happen at any moment to prevent an overwhelming and crushing defeat of the enemy. The Russian situation has taught us the necessity for making preparations to face any contingency, and therefore the desire of the Cabinet to have a straight talk will be generally applauded

A Hint to the Censor.

The platform campaign which is contemplated will not in any sense partake of a party character. All sections at Westminster are co-operating. This is eminently satisfactory, and if the Cabinet wish to do the thing most thoroughly they can see to it that the censors are given a hint to rouse themselves up and not spoil the work.

If the public were given a little more news of what our soldiers are doing at the front, and especially about the performances of individual units, there would be a vast change in the spirit of the country.

Reading the official despatches, and even the reports which the war correspondents are allowed to send home, you might almost imagine that there was no British Army at all.

Improvement in Russian Outlook.

The censorship seems to have been relaxed in Petrograd in some degree, and in assuring us that a definite improvement has taken place in the military outlook, the correspondents in the Russian capital throw a lurid light on the anarchy and chaos which has followed in the wake of the revolution.

There have been sinister reports in London for weeks past of Russian and German troops fraternising round the same camp fires, and though these stories may have been exaggerated, there can hardly be any doubt that something in the nature of an unofficial armistice prevailed on the Eastern front for some considerable time after the scenes in Petrograd. The plight of officers who had to exercise discipline under such conditions as these must have been a sorry one indeed. The later reports now available indicate, moreover, the prevalence of desertion on a large scale.

Pillaging in the villages and towns has been another problem with which the authorities in Petrograd have had to contend. This last may have been a blessing in disguise. Disorders of this character produce swift reaction, and there are signs that the law-abiding population is at last rallying to the support of the Provisional Government as the only authority which can restore law and order in the land.

Equipping Airmen with Oxygen Helmets.

Echoes of the great air raid on London are still to be heard.

The experts are agreed that the German raiders, while they were over London, at least were flying at a height of not less than fifteen thousand feet, and it may be that even this altitude was considerably exceeded. Certain it is that the Taubes, as viewed from the ground, seemed little more than dots in the sky.

No one could remain in this altitude for any considerable period without feeling severe effects both on heart and eyesight, and it seems to follow, therefore, that the enemy's airmen, when sent on these raiding expeditions, must be equipped with oxygen helmets somewhat similar to the helmets served out to our men in the trenches, as a protection against poison gas.

The moral is obvious, and has, I believe, already been brought to the notice of our authorities. If our airmen retained at home to defend us from attacks of this character are to be effective, they must be similarly equipped so as to put them on a level of equality with the Taubes that come over.

Lord Dewar's Successor.

There has been speculation at Westminster and in legal circles as to the successor to Lord Dewar on the Scottish Bench. Several names have been mentioned, among them Mr Morison, the Solicitor-General for Scotland. I have heard, however, from a fairly authoritative source, that Mr Munro, the Secretary for Scotland, finds most favour in the eyes of those who have to deal with the filling of the vacancy.

Mr Munro is a lawyer eminently well qualified to don the mantle of the distinguished Judge, who has just passed away, but there is a feeling in some quarters that the present is not the time to remove him from the important position he now holds.

Another name I have heard mentioned is that of Sir Christopher Johnson, M.P., and it is almost certain that the judicial position will be given to one of these learned legal trio.

THE BEST METHOD OF PUNISHING GERMANY.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES OF ENEMY PLOTS.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

AN immensely strong and popular agitation is now on foot demanding that the Government shall order immediate and effective reprisals on the enemy for the last air raid on London. As regards the morality (or immorality) of reprisals, this is not the place to argue. Suffice it to say that those who best know German character are firmly convinced that, if punishment is carried out with sufficient severity, it will have an enormous effect on the German public's attitude towards the war.

Whatever form of reprisals may be adopted, it is agreed that Allied aerial raids must be carried well into German territory. Herein lies one of the difficulties we must contend with in working out any system of counter-invasion through the air. By conquest Germany has acquired so much Allied territory that it forms an anti-air raid "cushion" for protecting German soil from attack. Allied 'planes have to cross large tracts of conquered land before they can get at German towns. Consequently, we have to employ machines of large fuel-carrying capacity for the long voyages to be undertaken, which can only carry a small supply of bombs.

When the objective to be raided is only thirty or forty miles away, the attacking 'planes can carry a small supply of fuel and lubricating oil and an extremely heavy cargo of aerial shells. But when the point to be attacked is a hundred or more miles away, a big supply of fuel has to be carried, with only a small amount of ammunition. Aeroplanes can only lift a certain weight, composed of fuel and bombs, and when one is large the other must be small.

What reprisal raids have been carried out by the Allies so far have always taken place on the Alsace-Lorraine sectors of the Western front. There our lines are closest to German territory and towns, like Kar'sruhe and Freiburg, and the attacking aircraft can carry the minimum weight of fuel and the largest supply of bombs, compared with raids made from any other point behind the Allied lines

The Greatest Punishment.

But there is still another point from which our aerial squadrons can "jump off" close to German territory, and that is from the sea. One naturally wonders if it is possible for our seaplanes to carry out raids on Hamburg, Emden, Kiel, and the northern German towns. One of the greatest and most legitimate punishments we could inflict on the enemy would be to destroy or block the Kiel Canal, because such a disaster would completely upset Germany's naval strategy. The Germans, however, know that the famous canal is a weak link in their naval policy, and as Mr J. M. de Beaufort tells us, they have surrounded it with every possible form of anti-aerial defence to ensure its safety.

In the early days of the war a French aviator flew from French territory to Hamburg, not for the purpose of dropping bombs but leaflets on the Germans. The exploit looks rather amusedly pathetic now, and had the aviator carried one bomb instead of so many pounds of printed matter his voyage would have been of more value. As far as is known, the British Navy has only carried out two aerial raids from the North Sea. The first attack was the famous Christmas Day raid on Cuxhaven in 1914, while the second attempt was made in March, 1916, against the Zeppelin sheds at Tondern in Schleswig-Holstein.

Many disadvantages accompany these seaplane raids from the North Sea against Germany. For one thing, seaplanes must be strongly built to stand the strain of rising from, and alighting on, a fairly rough sea. Being "heavily boned," they require powerful and heavy water-cooled engines that consume large quantities of fuel. They cannot fly very fast, and the weight of their own structures, engines, and fuel, leave but little margin for a really formidable cargo of bombs.

The seaplane-carriers have to wait close off German naval bases for the return of the raiding aviators, and are liable to sudden attacks by German warships and submarines. The carriers have, therefore, to be escorted and covered from attack by light cruisers and destroyers. Meanwhile, "heavy metal," in the shape of battle-line units, must be kept in the background, in case the German Fleet sallies out and tries to smash up all our seaplane-carriers, light cruisers, and destroyers at one blow. A whole fleet may, therefore, be involved in carrying out a single seaplane raid on German ports. Under such conditions, when a whole fleet may be massed to take part in the operations, it is difficult to carry out any attempt with real secrecy and surprise.

A Notable Success.

The question of reprisals reminds me of the remarkably effective counter-attack, made in the Baltic by our submarines during 1915, as a reply to the German U-boat warfare on our shipping. During this campaign, our E boats severely damaged the big German battle-cruiser Moltke, and sank the warships Prinz Adalbert, Bremen, and Undine, besides damaging some other enemy cruisers. In addition they sank many thousand tons of shipping, carrying valuable ore freights from Sweden to Germany's Baltic ports, created such a reign of terror that shipping activity had to be suspended at times.

The Baltic gradually froze up, and our E boats had to abandon their work. Not only were our successes notable, but the application of the Germans own commerce-raiding stick to the German back resulted in tremendous Hunnish squealing. I have always wondered why our E-boat campaign has never been renewed. One difficulty we had to contend with was Sweden Germanphile policy which, at times, directly helped the Huns in their efforts to destroy our E boats. But Sweden's anti-ally feeling chiefly arose from fear of Russia and detestation of Russian policy towards Finland. Since the Revolution, Sweden's animosity towards Russia has completely disappeared, and national sentiment has become greatly influenced in favour of the Allies.

There have been some remarkable revelations recently, showing how the Romanoff protection of King Constantine upset Allied naval plans in the Mediterranean. After this exposure, we should not be greatly surprised to hear that the Pro-German influences in Russia, under the deposed dynasty, prevented our submarines from again making their way into the Baltic during the summer months of last year. Another astonishing disclosure made during the past week concerns a Russian Socialist who was approached by the German Secret Service and asked to undertake the blowing up the Russian battleship Imperatriza Maria, the destruction of certain munition works, and the assassination of a Russian Governor. To his credit, the Socialist exposed these designs to the head of the Russian Secret Service abroad, and was advised to accept the German offer for the purpose of counter-espionage. The double role proved too much, and the man committed suicide.

One would think that, after this warning, the Russian Government would have been on its guard, but the battleship Imperatriza Maria, marked out for destruction, was set on fire and blew up in a Russian harbour last autumn. Meanwhile, the trial is now proceeding in Italy of an Austrian Papal functionary implicated in the blowing up of the battleship Benedetto Brin in Brindisi Harbour. Which gives one food for considerable reflection.

The U-Boat Barometer.

Norwegian fishermen report that they have sighted great numbers of German submarines in Skagar Rak and the northern parts of the North Sea. The U boats seen were smaller than the usual types of enemy under-water boats, and appear to have been painted a peculiar shade of greyish-green which exactly matched the colour of the sea. It looks as if the pirates are swarming to sea again, and one wonders what next Thursday's return of shipping losses will be like.

It is evident that for the past fortnight the Germans have been trying to work up their buccaneering efforts to the maximum of intensity, but their attempts have not met with any great measure of success. The "U-boat barometer" for the past fortnight shows a rise in the "super-sixteen hundred" class from the usual average of 18 losses to 25. The latest return, issued on Thursday, showed a few items of novelty. Arrivals and sailings reached the record figure of nearly six thousand ships passing in and out of British ports, while for the first time since the weekly returns were issued no fishing vessels were lost. Twenty-eight ships were sunk and twenty-nine escaped from attack, this being a more favourable proportion of escapes than has been recorded for a considerable time past. The statement that our casualties have been exceptionally heavy during this month does not seem to be borne out by an examination of figures, but we have still to reckon in next Thursday's toll, which may be a heavy one.

The Ever-Tightening Blockade.

America is also getting along with her share of the fighting, and has armed 369 of her large mercantile vessels. But more important is the new American legislation for tightening up the blockade of the Central Powers. The measures adopted are almost identical with our own system of naval strangulation which, by the way, pro-German sympathisers in the States found so irksome. Disagreeable as our blockade methods were to American commercial interests, the Americans pay us the compliment of imitation, and so admit our efficient way of commercially smothering Germany. Licenses are required for all exports from the States, and American Consuls in Holland and Scandinavian countries are charged with the task of seeing that no supplies go through to the enemy. Neutral ships in American ports may be requisitioned and both Allied and American vessels can be ordered to carry cargoes to any indicated destination. This is a most important war measure, and puts the screw down six more turns on the Central Powers.

The mysterious gunfire heard all over the Baltic on the 12th of this month (to which I referred to last week) has received some partial elucidation from the official German communiques. The Germans complain that the Russian minelayers and torpedo craft have been becoming annoying recently, and measures had to be taken to repress their activities. Strong seaplane raids, supported by naval forces, were made on certain Russian aerodromes, and, in one case, it is claimed that the German aircraft alighted on a Russian flying ground and destroyed the aeroplane sheds. The Russians, on the other hand, say all this German fury merely resulted in a few soldiers being wounded, and no material damage being done. Nevertheless, these accounts do not satisfactorily explain all the cannonading and uproar heard all over the Baltic. The real elucidation of this puzzle is being withheld from public knowledge.

PRACTICAL SIDE OF REPRISALS.

DESTROY THE GERMAN MUNITION WORKS.

By C. E. GREY, Editor of the Aeroplane.

(Exclusive to the "Post Sunday Special.")

WHY we have waited to talk about bombing German towns until German aviators bombed English towns is one of life's little mysteries which must remain unexplained till after the war.

Perhaps we were too merciful to do so, in which someone has erred exceedingly on the side of gentleness. Perhaps we had not enough aeroplanes to spare for the job—which scarcely seems likely considering that official communiques have frequently mentioned raids by the Royal Naval Air Service on German towns such as Freiburg and Oberndorf (where the Mauser factory is), and Breybach (where the big blast furnaces are), and considering that sundry honours and decorations have been given to R.N.A.S. officers for such raids.

But, whatever the cause, the fact remains that we did not carry out such raids on a really big scale, as we might have done, or as we ought to have done.

Now that public feeling is roused by enemy raids on England we begin to talk about making such raids in earnest, and call them reprisals. So call them what you like, it is worth while to consider their worth and their possibilities.

German Towns that can be Attacked.

First of all, let it be remembered that 100 miles is a comparatively short journey in these days of aeroplanes which do well over 100 miles on hour. It is true that if the wind happens to be the wrong way, either out or home, a journey of 100 miles out and 100 miles back will take more than two hours, but it is a poor aeroplane to-day which will not carry fuel for four hours, so that no town in Germany within 100 miles of the firing line should be considered as difficult to reach, and every place within 150 miles ought to be reachable if the larger raids are only made in suitable weather when there are no adverse winds.

Let it not be forgotten that in September, 1914, now nearly three years ago, certain officers of the R.N.A.S. bombed Cologne and Deisseldorf with great success, and in November, 1914, three more R.N.A.S. officers bombed Friederichshafen, where the Zeppelins are made. Yet, despite almost three years' development of aeroplanes, we have done little to follow up our first advantage; at any rate, nothing compared with the possibilities of modern aeroplanes.

Those early bombing machines at Cologne, Dusseldorf, and Friederichshafen had little engines of 80 h.p. apiece, and if they lifted 60 lbs. or 80 lbs. of bombs they did well, for they were not military aeroplanes at all, but only pleasure craft adapted to the job. To-day a bombing aeroplane is a very different story. The German bombers which came to England have two Meredes engines apiece of 260 h.p. With this 520 h.p. they carry fuel for five or six hours' flying, a pilot, two machine-gunners—one of whom also is the bomb-dropper—and five machine guns, and besides all this they carry something over a ton of bombs.

Now, as a matter of fact, it takes very little longer to build a big aeroplane than a small one—at anyrate the time is nothing like in proportion to the size—so if we set to work seriously we could produce an enormous fleet of bombing machines fairly quickly.

And America also, when once the American aircraft industry has learned that making aeroplanes and aero-engines is not quite the same thing as making Ford automobiles, can turn out the required type of machine in vast quantities. Besides which America is an almost inexhaustible field for the supply of aviators.

So it would not be surprising to find the little raids, which we call reprisals, expanding with American assistance till they become a real aerial invasion of Germany, which is what ought to have been done from the very first, if we had known even the elements of organising supplies.

Destroy the Munition Factories.

Consider what could be done by such an invasion, properly carried out. We talk to-day about bombing the enemy's lines of communication and ammunition dumps behind the firing line. An ammunition dump blown up means destroying perhaps a day's, or a week's, or even a month's output from a munition factory. But let us go into Germany and destroy the factory itself, and we destroy the output for three months at least. Similarly a railway line cut by a bomb holds up the ammunition to a part of the firing line for perhaps four or five hours, and enables our troops to advance, but the same amount of daring and skill on the part of a single aviator would enable him to reach a munition factory in Germany, and if he did not destroy it, he would at anyrate damage the surrounding dwellings of the munition workers, and spoil their day's work, which would probably mean depriving the enemy's firing line of more ammunition than would be lost by a three-hour hold-up on a railway line.

Now, an enormous percentage of Germany's steel and iron output lies in the Briey Basin, which is only just at the back of the fighting line in Eastern France. In fact, some of the biggest mines and blast furnaces are within half an hour's flying of French territory, so that even a few bombing machines could do vast damage by making several journeys a day. Then we have within easy reach the Rhine Valley towns, such as Colmar and Strassburg, which are big depots for troops and stores.

PRACTICAL REPRISALS—Continued.

The Rhine bridges should also be broken up, for that would seriously delay the transport of troops and munitions, even if it be true, as I have heard, that the Germans have built double-track tunnels under the Rhine for all their railway lines. The latter fact, if it is a fact, showed that the Germans regarded the destruction of the Rhine bridges as a certainty, and doubtless they are wondering why they are left untouched.

Will Produce a Real Peace Movement.

Then, in addition, all the great factory district, which includes Mannhein, Krefeld, Essen, and Dusseldorf, is well within reach of modern aeroplanes. And all the residential districts where the masters live should be as ruthlessly bombed as the dwellings of the workers.

Bomb the workshops and mines and furnaces, and you throw the workers out of work. If they are out of work they will collect together and talk, which they are too busy to do at present, and they will then wonder why they endure being bombed for the sake of a war which will not do them any good, and for which they are already suffering the greatest privations. And from such enforced idleness will spring the real peace movement in Germany.

Also shutting down the factories, or scaring the workpeople out of them, means shortage of ammunition in the firing line. And one bomb in a factory in Germany will cause more shortage in this way than will a dozen dropped among seasoned troops in the field who are used to heavy artillery. Much more can be done to shorten the war by attacking the Germans from the air than by attacking the German Army from the air.

* * *

The map which appears on the back page of this issue gives a comprehensive view of the scope offered to Allied aircraft in attacking German towns.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Missing Chimes.

Germany, having melted down its church bells, has nothing to ring in case of reprisals.—Star.

Hurting the Cause.

Sneering criticism that is destructive merely is hurting the cause. It has never won a war, and it never will.—Boston Post.

And Justly Proud, Too!

In 1987 there will be some venerable American ladies whose proudest memory will be that as little girls they were kissed by Joffre.—Providence Journal.

Complete Reparation.

We must make it perfectly clear to Germany that no subject of the Kaiser will be allowed to enter Britain until full and complete reparation has been made to those who have suffered.—Weekly News.

High Prices.

High prices are not the causes of famine. High prices are the alternatives to famine. They are like rashes in disease—which are not nice things in themselves, but which it is death and disaster to suppress and drive in.—Spectator.

The Women's Triumph.

Suffragettism is well forgotten now, but there is no wisdom at all in forgetting that hundreds of women laid their loves and their lives on the altar of women's rights long before its gift was visible to them. The Nation.

Political Arrangements.

Nothing Mr Lloyd George has done or has not done will destroy public confidence in him—will weaken his tenure of office—like political arrangements—such as the return to office of Mr Churchill or Mr Montagu.—The Outlook.

Worth Remembering.

Eat grass, is the advice of a German professor to his hungry compatriots. The Herr Doktor should remember what happened to a beautiful lady who recommended that a crowd of starving French peasants, in default of bread, should eat cake.—Montreal Star.

The Modern Profiteers.

The big fleas and the middle-sized fleas and the lesser fleas alike, having tasted blood, continue to suck. Safe in their business quarters, the modern profiteers think little of the "imminent death of twenty thousand men" so long as the dividend approaches cent. per cent.—Saturday Review.

Dundee and the Hidden Hand of Glasgow.

The Prime Minister's "unavoidable change of plan" for his visit to Dundee is regrettable, and we are not surprised to learn that in certain circles dark suspicions are entertained that Glasgow has been at work surreptitiously to jockey the city out of its pride of place.—Dundee Advertiser.

No Misunderstanding.

The British workman is not an imperialist or militarist; he has no axe to grind, and certainly no battle-axe to grind. But it will not be a misunderstanding, it will be an understanding, if Petrograd knows that he regards the modern German precisely as he regarded Jack the Ripper.—New Witness.

The Kaiser's American Dentist.

"You sent for me, did you?" asked the Kaiser's American dentist.

"Yes, I did."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I dunno. Maybe I'm cutting my wisdom teeth.

"It may be that," said the dentist, "or maybe you've bitten off more than you can chew and your teeth are sore. I may have to remove a crown."—Detroit News.

PROSPECTS OF AUTUMN DECISION.

IMPROVED RUSSIAN SITUATION MAY BRING DRAMATIC CHANCE.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

THERE are welcome evidences of some improvement in the Russian situation. Thanks in large measure to the efforts of M. Kerensky, and, in a lesser degree, to the inevitable reaction against the excesses of the forces of anarchy, some degree of order is at last being evolved out of chaos.

It was high time that an improvement was effected. Anyone who has studied the course of the war during the last few weeks must have realised that the main burden of the conflict is now falling on the British arms in France. We do not complain of this, but it does not tend to a rapid termination of the war. If all had gone well with the plans of the Allies we should by this time have been witnessing that simultaneous offensive on all fronts which was the ideal to which the plans of the Entente Powers were leading up.

France and Italy have splendidly fulfilled their part of the contract, but ever since the drying up of the ground rendered a resumption of active hostilities possible something in the nature of an armistice has existed on the Eastern front. What this has meant to the course of the struggle in France and Flanders can be simply imagined. The Germans have been able to mass all their best troops in the West, leaving Landsturm troops and divisions, shattered by the fighting on the Somme and Arras fronts, to hold the line in the East.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that if General Brussiloff were in a position to launch an offensive in Galicia at this moment he would simply sweep everything before him, and create such a situation as would compel Von Hindenburg to accept defeat, either in the Eastern or Western theatre, or perhaps both; for between the two stools he might very easily fall to the ground.

Haig's Biggest Blows.

There can be no harm in saying that if Russia had lived up to anticipations there was a very excellent prospect of fighting the war to a decisive finish this year. That prospect seems to grow more remote from the military point of view with every week that passes. Doubtless we shall see some big changes on the Western front before the summer wears to a close. Even yet Sir Douglas Haig has not done more than develop half his plans. His biggest blows have yet to come, and, if the Russians can afford co-operation in the East, the campaign of 1917 may yet provide some very dramatic changes in the outlook. Therein lies the only prospect of a decision this autumn, which will save us from the rigours of another winter campaign.

When the Germans decided to embark on the submarine campaign regardless of whether their action brought America in against them or not, they based their calculation on the hope that they would be able to starve us into an inconclusive peace, and bring the war to a conclusion this autumn. That grand project has miscarried, thanks to the tireless activity of our Navy. But the consequences of the decision arrived at in Berlin have still to be faced by the enemy. Even the German newspapers do not speak of America's probable contribution to the fighting strength of the Allies as contemptible. On the contrary, they recognise that it will be very considerable.

America has staggered humanity in many directions, and she will endeavour to do it in the arts of war as she has done in the milder graces of peace. It may be, therefore, that Germany will endeavour to make terms with the enemy at her gates before worse befalls her.

Her disposition to do so on financial and economic grounds generally will undoubtedly be strengthened and quickened if her armies are rolled back substantially in the West or are taken by surprise and unprepared in the East. Hence the keen interest with which further developments on the French and British fronts in the West are waited for.

The Grip of the Pincers.

On the British side at least there is no disposition to wait for America. Instead we find Sir Douglas Haig continuing to strike hammer blows against the enemy along almost his entire front.

The latest German official message to hand to-day, as these lines are being written, bears testimony to the fierceness of the artillery activity that is in progress from the coast southwards. The comparative lull that has followed the Messines battle probably marks preparations for a further offensive elsewhere. And the wide front on which our guns are working must keep the Germans in a state of acute uncertainty as to where the next blow is going to fall.

There has been heavy fighting also on the French front, especially in the Champagne district. Here the Germans have taken the offensive with considerable spirit and determination. But there seems to be no clear-cut policy behind the tactics the enemy is pursuing even in that arena of the war. The probability rather is that they have taken the offensive to delay and harass preparations with which the French themselves are occupied.

If this is the correct reading of what has been happening during the last few days the deduction would seem to be that the fighting tends in the direction of the extreme pincers which are pressing on the German armies enclosed in the great salient running from the coast in the north to Champagne in the south-east. For the Germans report continuous activity in the region of the coast, and it is clear that it is to be north rather than to the south of Ypres that they are expecting the next great thrust on the British front. Whether this surmise will prove correct the near future will determine.

The Military and the Political.

One event follows so swiftly on the heels of another that even the incidents of the recent winter campaign seem to have become rather ancient history. Nevertheless, there is much that is interesting in Sir Douglas Haig's despatch covering the winter operations on the Western front. The period with which the despatch deals covers the close of the offensive on the Somme front at the end of last year and the German retirement which followed.

Sir Douglas Haig's policy all through the winter was to harry the enemy at every possible opportunity, information in his possession showing that the German strength had been considerably reduced by the severe and protracted struggle on the Somme. The winter months were occupied also in preparations for that resumption of the general offensive in the spring which we are now watching—preparations which embraced the further training of the forces sent out from Britain.

This last-mentioned work was embarrassed in some degree by the decision to effect a gradual extension of the British front southwards as far as a point opposite the town of Roye.

"This alteration," Sir Douglas Haig writes, "entailed the maintenance by British forces of an exceptionally active front of 110 miles, including the whole of the Somme battle front, and, combined with the continued activity maintained throughout the winter, interfered to no small extent with my arrangements for reliefs. The training of the troops had consequently to be restricted within such limited opportunities as circumstances from time to time permitted."

One rather gathers from this passage that Sir Douglas Haig had to sacrifice some military considerations in yielding to the political exigencies which in this matter appealed to the authorities at home.

The Difficulties of Pursuit.

In his comments on the German retreat on the Somme front, Sir Douglas Haig makes it clear that Von Hindenburg contemplated the eventual evacuation of the entire salient between Arras and the Aisne Valley, north-west of Rheims. The manner in which the enemy was hindered in this will be remembered by everyone who has followed the war closely.

But those who were inclined to think that Sir Douglas Haig did not press the pursuit so closely as it might have been pressed will do well to examine the situation with which he was confronted as set forth in this despatch. A slackening of the pace was called for by the increasing difficulty of maintaining communications consequent on the sodden condition of the ground.

We were advancing, Sir Douglas Haig explains, over country in which all means of communication had been destroyed, against an enemy whose armies were still intact and capable of launching a vigorous offensive should a favourable opening present itself. Strong detachments of his infantry and cavalry occupied points of advantage along our line of advance.

His guns, which had already been withdrawn to previously prepared positions, were available at any moment to cover and support a sudden counter-stroke, while the conditions of the country across which we were moving made the progress of our own artillery unavoidably slow.

On the other hand, our troops as they moved forward left all prepared defences further and further behind them. In such circumstances the necessity for caution was obvious, and Sir Douglas Haig might have been inviting disaster if he had not felt his way forward with care and restraint.

ANOTHER "SCRAP OF PAPER."

'Twas Mrs Broon that startit it,
Insultin' Mrs Hare,
By handin' in a ticket wi'
"Your turn of the stair."
Which duty Mrs Hare denied
In language comprehensive,
An' thus began a skirmish that
Swelled to a Great Offensive.

Big reinforcements soon were oot,
An' rival tongues were clashin,;
Fierce battle raged in "No Man's Land,"
Whaur wives hang oot the washin'.
Stoot Mrs Broon led the attack,
Stirrin' up further shindy,
Against her foe, wha's slippit tongue
Sniped frae the back-green windy.

At mony a key-hole listenin' post,
Wives hearkened, scandalised,
While characters were torn tae shreds,
An' washin's criticised.
An' mony a secret lang forgot
Was frae the past upturned,
While mony a puir man's denner lay
Neglecit an' cair burned.

An' thus a scrap o' paper
Handed roond frae door to door,
Let loose a cloud o' pushioned gas
In windy, wordy, war.
Staunch comrades o' the H.L.I.,
Mick Hare and Jimmy Broon,
Are safer in the first line trench
Till things have settled doon.

Edinburgh. CHARLES NESS.

THE HARD-UP KAISER.

ROBS THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

REVELATIONS OF LIFE IN GERMANY.

(Specially Contributed.)

THERE is no mistake about the fact that the Kaiser is hard up, and the methods which he employs to raise funds are as contemptible as they are cowardly.

The Berliner Tageblatt publishes the following:—"We are informed by private telegram that the law suit of the Kaiser against Frau Knorr has been decided in His Majesty's favour. In 1913 the private citizen Herrmann Knorr, in the town of Plauen, made a will leaving the whole of his property—about two million marks—to the Kaiser for the use of the army and navy. Frau Knorr, who is thus left penniless at her husband's death, contested the will, demanding at least her legitimate share."

It is quite evident that there is more in the case than the German papers publish.

U Boats' Lack of Success.

The Huns are determined to keep the fact that we are sinking the U boats from the nation. Here is what they say in the Berliner Tageblatt about their lack of success during May, and by way of preparing the public for a big drop in the number of ships sunk:—

"We cannot as yet give an exact account of the amount of tonnage sunk by our U boats during the month of May, as many of the U boats have not returned to the home harbour with their report of success. One point is worthy of note, that it is foolish to expect an increase of tonnage sunk every month, for it is only to be expected that the number of merchant ships has been greatly lessened, and thus does not offer such good opportunities for our brave fellows."

Faithless German Americans.

The Huns are bitterly disappointed that the American Germans have, so to speak, gone over to the enemy. The Kreuz-Zeitung says—"Now we see the effect which has been produced by the collection of scandal, sensation, lies and distortion, which is synonymous for the American press at the instigation of the British masters of journalistic demagogy and lies. The greatest success of these journalists is that, not only are they leading the American people by the nose, but that they have managed to entice the German Americans into their trap.

"Although our countrymen have sworn the oath of fealty to America, there was no need for them to go so far astray as to volunteer to form German regiments to fight against Germany. There is a measure in everything, even in patriotism to an adopted country. The branch of German Americans in New York numbers 150,000 members, who have all decided to support the Republic in this war to the utmost. The societies of German Americans have resolved to exclude any member from their midst who shows the slightest pro-German sympathy, and American flags are flying in all the Committee rooms and offices.

"The position which our countrymen have thus adopted shows how deplorably they are lacking in the pride of the German race. They have allowed themselves to be caught by the anti-German stream, and even miscall their own Fatherland."

Britain Down and Out!

War-weary Huns are being told by their leaders to expect Britain's capitulation within two months. The Reichstag member Von Heydebrand says:—"A little while ago I had occasion to speak to one of our admirals, and I asked him if it were indeed possible for the war to end in a complete victory for us, and if he really believed that our U boats would accomplish it. He answered—'We hope, nay, we are certain that within two months at the latest conditions in Britain will be such that they will be forced to sue for peace.' Thus we can defy all our pessimists when we know that our leaders are of the opinion that we shall conquer, and that it is only a case of holding out and enduring till the victorious end."

THE PIONEER MASCOT OF THE TANKS.

This Great Dane, which answers to the name of "Baby," was the mascot of the pioneer company of the heavy section of the M.G.C. Baby has seen service in France with the Motor Machine-Gun Section, and is now the property of Sergt. W. A. Ritchie, who is at present home on sick leave.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL.

SECRETS OF THE HUNS' AMAZING SPY SYSTEM.

By J. M. de BEAUFORT.

EIGHTY million marks (four million sterling) was Germany's annual budget for her spy system before the war. What it amounts to now it is impossible to estimate.

"One good spy is worth a dozen diplomats." Thus Herr Matthias Erzberger, leader of the powerful Centrum Party, chief spy and press manipulator in Italy before it entered the war, and personal crony of the Kaiser, one evening in Berlin while we were discussing German diplomats.

In this statement you have the German espionage principle in a nutshell.

One of the most phenomenal parts of the German spy organisation is the card index system. From what I learned about this it would seem that there are few officers in any army or navy, few politicians or diplomats, &c., of any country, who are not listed in Berlin.

The most minute details are recorded—character, age, financial position, efficiency, hobbies, friends, and associates. If married, similar details are given about the man's wife; whether she is faithful, and, if not, who her lover is; her friends, &c., &c.

Every country has its chief inspectors, inspectors, sub-inspectors, and ordinary agents. Woe betide the man who is responsible if at the yearly audit some of the details prove missing or incorrect. Many Englishmen of a certain position will no doubt recall having received little typewritten notices informing them that if at any time they should be in need of a loan (whether small or large), they can always be accommodated on their note of hand alone, &c., &c. Usually they bear as signature a good old English name. But the money behind it is more often than not German capital. Close observation is kept on any officer or N.C.O. who, for some reason or other, is cashiered or discharged. Those who are still more unfortunate, viz., those that happen to land in jail, are never lost sight of. British jails have supplied the German Intelligence Department with many a recruit.

Women Who Keep Secrets.

One does not like to write about women, but a discussion of their system would, indeed, be very incomplete if the fair sex were left out. To enumerate the various types employed would need a separate chapter, if not a whole book. They are as varied as, shall we say, the sex itself.

As a rule, they are employed in "team work"—i.e., they work together with a man. Many of them have the air and the manners of the grande dame; others, again, are charming ingenues. Every one of them is fiendishly clever, and they prove every day the fallacy of the old theory that a woman cannot keep a secret. I have met several of these "ladies" in Berlin; but whereas I had many an interesting conversation with the male, the female of the species proved too much for me. I never got anything worth writing about out of them.

One member of the German Spy Staff operating in London was a certain Miss Smyth (I do not know whether that was her London name).

She was a charming American girl, chaperoned by her British aunt (by advertisement). But after Miss Smyth had made many social conquests and connections, suddenly all her entertainments ceased. Poor Miss Smyth! Her unscrupulous brother, whom she had trusted implicitly, had speculated and lost his and her whole fortune. She did not care to return to America on account of the disgrace her brother had fallen into. Did people think she could find a position as governess, companion, or "just anything." Many offers were received, and as in the household of a certain well-known statesman the children's governess had opportunely left, Miss Smyth obtained the position. She stayed with them for two years, and amply earned her salary from the German Intelligence Department.

The German Intelligence Department claims exclusive knowledge of the preparation of a certain kind of sensitised paper for copying and photographing plans, maps, letters, and other documents without a camera.

Two pieces of glass are all that is needed. The sensitised paper and the document to be copied are placed between the glass, and at night, or in a darkened room, are exposed to candlelight for a matter of a few minutes. The preparation can also be used for sensitising the pages of an ordinary book, novels preferably, or newspapers. The impresion only appears after development in a certain fluid (somewhat on the principle of gas-light developing paper).

I was told that in this manner long reports containing valuable information are being brought out of Britain to this day.

Baron Hochwachter, the co-called manager and director of the Stuttgart Daimler Motor Works' branch in London, boasted that in Britain you could buy anything if you had the price. "To any foreigner who comes to London with a well-filled purse, and who is willing to spend handsomely, all doors are open, no matter of what race or nationality he may be—German, Jew, Turk, or Negro. He is asked to English entertainments, English country houses, where he meets everybody he wants to meet from Royalty downwards."

They call this in Berlin, "Mobilisation of the drawing-room." From what I subsequently learned, it was often also a case of mobilising the "back-stairs" regions.

The Spies' Clearing-House.

The Hotel Adlon, Berlin's principal hotel, is a regular clearing-house for spies, spy-hunters, amateur spies, and amateur spy-hunters. I do not think that I have ever since the war, spent so many interesting hours anywhere as at the Adlon Hotel, after 4 p.m., watching the various cliques, sometimes par distance, sometimes at very close quarters.

A large sprinkling of officers is nearly always present. Their tables occupy "strategic positions" in the Court. Many of them belong to the Intelligence Department of the General Staff. The broad red braid on their trousers inspires, of course, confidence and respect. The natural conclusion would be, at least with neutrals, that a General Staff Officer is above any description of spying.

But beware!

With few exceptions every foreign journalist, business man, &c., is an amateur spy-hunter. In order to make a capture he will draw every possible cover, and it will not be the fault of himself or of his imagination if it is a blank.

Be careful of female acquaintances in Berlin. If you are seen more than once with the same member of the other sex, ten to one she will receive a visit from a member of the "Criminal Polizei," and it takes a strong-kneed woman in Germany to be proof against it. A friend of mine had made the acquaintance of a very charming young German woman, the wife of an officer. They met on various occasions, and, sure enough, one morning, the "Frau Hauptmann" (Mrs Captain) received a visit from the police sergeant. His clumsy attempts to hide the real object of his call failed lamentably with the quick-witted lady. When the detective tried to make her promise secrecy she told him that she would do nothing of the kind; in fact, she told him that she could hardly wait to tell her friend about it, and actually went to the telephone while the sergeant was still in the house. She asked our mutual friend to come and see her at once, which he did. Her attempts to make Mr Policeman wait were unsuccessful. They do not work that way in Germany. They first try to intimidate their witness, if that proves necessary. The average German is scared to death of the "Criminal Polizei." In my friend's case the lady was told that her foreign acquaintance was suspected of being a spy. "Did she know anything about him?" he asked. "Why, of course she did. They used to play together at school," &c. "Well, did he ever ask her leading questions as to where her husband was and in what regiment? Did he never ask to read any of the letters that came from the front? Did he seem interested in the German Navy? Did she know whether he visited the railway stations? What was his real business? Had he very much money and how did he spend it? In short, could she think of anything that might in any way be regarded as suspicious?" But she could not.

Not every visit is as meagre in results as the one described above. If your girl friend happens to be in a position where she is less independent than the wife of an officer, for example, if she is an actress, or, perhaps, a dancer, that is better for the police. In that case it is easy to enrol her, or, shall we say, "press" her, into the services of the Vaterland. Under dire menaces, nay, vile threats, such as being placed under police supervision—the most dreaded thing in Germany—the girl is cross-examined, and at the same time ordered "Maul halten" ("to keep her mouth shut").

An Actress "Mobilised."

Such an incident came to my knowledge quite accidentally. One afternoon in Unter den Linden, I ran into a young German actress, whom I had met a few days previously. In full daylight she was crying, the tears streaming down her face. I thought she had had bad news from the front, so I stopped her and offered whatever comfort I might be able to give.

It was a case of "mobilisation," but it had nothing to do with the front. She had just left the police station, where for the last three hours she had had to undergo the third degree from A to Z. She was absolutely exhausted, physically and mentally, and before she knew it, she had confided the whole story to me. The police had called her up the night before, and told her servant over the 'phone that the "Police Headquarters Criminal Department" was on the wire. Thereupon the servant promptly got scared, packed her trunk and went off. The next morning the girl was asked to come down to the police station. She thought, on her way, that she would drop in at the hotel where her friend lived, and tell him about it. At the hotel one of the "friends" or colleagues of the man saw her, and evidently knowing a bit more about the investigation on foot, promptly telephoned to the police station. Ten minutes later a police sergeant came to the hotel, and without much ceremony ordered the girl to come with him to the station. There she was given the third degree unmercifully, bullied and coerced, and, finally, after three hours, set at liberty, but given to understand that she was "mobilised" for Germany.

A few months in such an atmosphere, and you will find yourself unconsciously looking into the mirror and beginning to wonder who you really are. You almost doubt whether the declaration on your passport that "the above photograph and signature are those of the bearer," is stating the truth.

The effect can best be described in the words of my dear old English tutor, who for two years tried to teach me to pronounce your "th," and then gave it up in despair. Said he—"Certain days with you have an effect upon my brain like a kick in an ant hill." That's about the effect Germany had upon my mind.

NEXT WEEK—Interviews with Prominent German Statesmen and Leading Figures of the Central Powers.

BEGINS TO-DAY—Remarkable Up-to-Date Tale of the Secret Service.

THE GIRL FROM NEW YORK

A Tale of the Secret Service: By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

CHAPTER I.

MEFIEZ-VOUS!	BEWARE!
TAISEZ-VOUS!	KEEP SILENCE!
LES OREILLES ENNEMIES VOUS ECOUTENT!	ENEMY EARS ARE LISTENING!

THE usual little crowd was waiting in the lobby of a fashionable London restaurant a few minutes before the popular luncheon hour. Pamela Van Teyl, a very beautiful American girl, dressed in the extreme of fashion, which she seemed somehow to justify, directed the attention of her companions to the notice affixed to the wall facing them.

"Except," she declared, "for you poor dears who have been hurt, this is the first thing I have seen in England which makes me realise that you are at war."

The younger of her two escorts, Captain Richard Holderness, who wore the uniform of a well-known cavalry regiment, glanced at the notice a little impatiently.

"What rot it seems!" he exclaimed. "We get fed up with that sort of thing in France."

John Lutchester, a tall, clean-shaven man, dressed in civilian clothes, raised his eyeglass and read out the notice languidly.

"Well, I don't know," he observed. "News does run over London like quicksilver. If you step down to the American bar here, for instance, you'll find that Charles is one of the best informed men about the war in London. He has patrons in the army, in the navy, and in the flying corps, and it's astonishing how communicative they seem to become after the second or third cocktail."

"Cocktail, mark you, Miss Van Teyl," Holderness pointed out. "We poor Englishmen could keep our tongues from wagging before we acquired some of your American habits."

"The habits are all right," Pamela retorted. "It's your heads that are wrong."

She made a little grimace and turned away, holding out her hand to a new arrival—a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a strong, cold face and keen, grey eyes, aggressive even behind his gold-rimmed spectacles. There was a queer change in his face as his eyes met Pamela's. He seemed suddenly to become more human.

"Mr Fischer," she exclaimed, "they are saying hard things about our country! Please protect me."

He bowed over her fingers. Then he looked up. His tone was impressive.

"If I thought that you needed protection, Miss Van Teyl——"

"Well, I can assure you that I do," she interrupted, laughing. "You know my friends, don't you?"

"I think I have that pleasure," the American replied, shaking hands with Lutchester and Holderness.

"Now we'll get an independent opinion," the former observed, pointing to the wall. "We were discussing that notice, Mr Fischer. You're almost as much a Londoner as a New Yorker. What do you think?—is it superfluous or not?"

Fischer read it out and smiled.

"Well," he admitted, "in America we don't lay much store by that sort of thing, but I don't know as we're very good judges about what goes on over here. I shouldn't call this place, anyway, a hotbed of intrigue. Excuse me!"

He moved off to greet some incoming guests—a well-known stockbroker and his partner. Lutchester looked after him curiously.

"Is Mr Fischer one of your typical millionaires, Miss Van Teyl?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"We have no typical millionaires," she assured him. "They come from all classes and all states."

"Fischer is a Westerner, isn't he?"

Pamela nodded, but did not pursue the conversation. Her eyes were fixed upon a girl who had just entered, and who was looking a little doubtfully around, a girl plainly and smartly dressed, with fluffy light hair, dark eyes, and a very pleasant expression. Pamela, who was critical of her own sex, found the newcomer attractive.

"Is that, by any chance, one of our missing guests, Captain Holderness?" she inquired, turning towards him. "I don't know why, but I have an idea that it is your sister."

"By Jove, yes!" the young man assented, stepping forward. "Here we are, Molly, and at last you are going to meet Miss Van Teyl. I've bored Molly stiff, talking about you," he explained, as Pamela held out her hand.

The girls, who stood talking together for a moment, presented rather a striking contrast. Molly Holderness was pretty but usual. Pamela was beautiful and unusual. She had the long, slim body of a New York girl, the complexion and eyes of a Southerner, the savoir faire of a Frenchwoman. She was extraordinarily cosmopolitan, and yet extraordinarily American.

"I won't admit that I have ever been bored, Miss Van Teyl," Molly Holderness assured her, "but Dick has certainly told me all sorts of wonderful things about you—how kind you were in New York, and what a delightful surprise it was to see you down at the hospital at Nice. I am afraid he must have been a terrible crock then."

"Got well in no time as soon as Miss Van Teyl came along," Holderness declared. "It was a bit dreary down there at first. None of my lot were sent south, and a familiar face means a good deal when you've got your lungs full of that rotten gas and are feeling like nothing on earth. I wonder where that idiot Sandy is. I told him to be here a quarter of an hour before you others—thought we might have a quiet chat first. Will you stand by the girls for a moment, Lutchester, while I have a look round?" he added.

He hobbled away, one of the thousands who were thronging the streets and public places in London—brave, simple-minded young men, all of them, with tangled recollections in their brains of blood and fire and hell, and a game leg or a lost arm to remind them that the whole thing was not a nightmare. He looked a little disconsolately around, and was on the point of rejoining the others, when the friend for whom he was searching came hurriedly through the turnstile doors.

"Sandy, old chap," Holderness exclaimed, with an air of relief, "here you are at last!"

"Cheero, Dick!" was the light-hearted reply. "Fearfully sorry I'm late, but listen—just listen for one moment."

The newcomer threw his hat and coat to the attendant. He was a rather short, freckled young man, with a broad, high forehead and light-coloured hair. His eyes just now were filled with the enthusiasm which trembled in his tone.

"Dick," he continued, gripping his friend's arm tightly, "I'm late, I know, but I've great news. I've motored straight up from Salisbury Plain. I've done it! I swear to you, Dick, I've done it!"

"Done what?" Holderness demanded, a little bewildered.

"I've perfected my explosive—the thing I was telling you about last week," was the triumphant reply. "The whole world's struggling for it, Dick. The German chemists have been working night and day for three years, just for one little formula, and I've got it! One of my shells, which fell in a wood at daylight this morning, killed every living thing within a mile of it. The bark fell off the trees, and the labourers in a field beyond threw down their implements and ran for their lives. It's the principle of intensification. The poison feeds on its own vapours. The formula—I've got it in my pocket-book——"

"Look here, old fellow," Holderness interrupted, "it's all splendid, of course, and I'm dying to hear you talk about it, but come along now and be introduced to Miss Van Teyl. Molly's over there, waiting, and we're all half-starved."

"So am I," was the cheerful answer. "Hullo, Lutchester, how are you? Just one moment. I must get a wash. I motored straight through, and I'm choked with dust. Where do I go?"

"I'll show you," Lutchester volunteered. "Hurry up."

The two men sprang up the stairs towards the dressing-room, and Holderness strolled back to where his sister and Pamela were talking to a small, dark young man, with rather high cheek-bones and olive complexion. Pamela turned around with a smile.

"I have found an old friend," she told him, "Baron Sunyea—Captain Holderness. Baron Sunyea used to be in the Japanese Embassy at Washington."

The two men shook hands.

"I was interested," the Japanese said slowly, "in your conversation just now about that notice. Your young friend was telling you news very loudly indeed, it seemed to me, which you would not like known across the North Sea. Am I not right?"

"In a sense you are, of course," Holderness admitted, "but here at Henry's—why, the place is like a club. Where are the enemies' ears to come from, I should like to know?"

"Where we least expect to find them, as a rule," was the grave reply.

"Quite right," Lutchester, who had just rejoined them, agreed. "They still say, you know, that our home Secret Service is just as bad as our foreign Secret Service is good."

Holderness smiled in somewhat superior fashion.

"Can't say that I have much faith in that spy talk," he declared. "No doubt there was any quantity of espionage before the war, but it's pretty well weeded out now. I say, how good civilisation is!" he went on, his eyes dwelling lovingly on the interior of the restaurant.

"Don't laugh at me, please, Miss Van Teyl. I've three weeks more of it, by George — perhaps more. I don't go up before my Board till Thursday fortnight. Dash it, I wish Sandy would hurry up!"

"You never told me how you got your wound," Pamela observed, as the conversation flagged for a moment.

"Can't even remember," was the careless reply. "We were all scrapping away as hard as we could one afternoon, and nearly a dozen of us got the knock, all at the same time. It's quite all right now, though, except for the stiffness. It was the gas did me in. . . . What a fellow Sandy is! You people must be starving."

They waited for another five minutes. Then Holderness limped towards the stairs with a little imprecation. Lutchester stopped him.

"Don't you go, Holderness," he begged. "I'll find him and bring him down by the scruff of the neck."

He strode up the stairs on a mission which ended in unexpected failure. Presently he returned, a slight frown upon his forehead.

"I am awfully sorry," he announced, "but I can't find him anywhere. I left him washing his hands, and he said he'd be down in a moment. Are you quite sure that we haven't missed him?"

"There hasn't been a sign of him," Molly declared promptly. "I am so hungry that my eyes have been glued upon the staircase all the time."

Pamela, who had slipped away a few moments before, rejoined them with a little expression of surprise.

"Isn't Captain Graham here yet?" she asked incredulously.

"Not a sign of him," Holderness replied. "Queer set out, isn't it? We won't wait a minute longer. Take my sister and Miss Van Teyl in, will you?" he went on, laying his hand on Lutchester's shoulder. "Ferrani will look after you. I'll follow directly."

The chief maitre d'hotel advanced to meet them with a gesture of invitation, and led them to a table arranged for five. The restaurant was crowded, and the coloured band, from the space against the wall on their left, was playing a lively one-step. Ferrani was buttonholed by an important client as they crossed the threshold, and they lingered for a moment, waiting for his guidance. Whilst they stood there, a curious thing happened. The leader of the orchestra seemed to draw his fingers recklessly across the strings of his instrument and to produce a discord which was almost appalling. A half-pained, half-amused exclamation rippled down the room. For a moment the music ceased. The conductor, who was responsible for the disturbance, was sitting motionless, his hand hanging down by his side. His features remained imperturbable, but the gleam of his white teeth, and a livid little streak under his eyes gave to his usually good-humoured face an utterly altered, almost a malignant expression. Ferrani stepped across and spoke to him for a moment angrily. The man took his instrument, waved his hand, and the music recommenced in a subdued note. Pamela turned to the chief maitre d'hotel, who had now rejoined them.

"What an extraordinary breakdown!" she exclaimed. "Is your leader a man of nerves?"

"Never have I heard such a thing in all my days," Ferrani assured them fervently. "Joseph is one of the most wonderful performers in the world. His control over his instrument is marvellous. . . . Captain Holderness asked particularly for this table."

They seated themselves at the table reserved for them against the wall. Their cicerone was withdrawing with a low bow, but Pamela leaned over to speak to him.

"Your music," she told him, "is quite wonderful. The orchestra consists entirely of Americans, I suppose?"

"Entirely, madam," Ferrani assented. "They are real Southern Darkies, from Joseph, the leader, down to little Peter, who blows the motor-horn."

Pamela's interest in the matter remained unabated.

"I tell you it makes one feel almost homesick to hear them play," she went on, with a little sigh. "Did they come direct from the States?"

Ferrani shook his head.

"From Paris, madam. Before that, for a little time, they were at the Winter Garden in Berlin. They made quite a European tour of it before they arrived here."

"And he is the leader—the man whom you call Joseph," Pamela observed. "A broad, good-humoured face—not much intelligence, I should imagine."

Ferrani's protest was vigorous and gesticulatory. He evidently had ideas of his own concerning Joseph.

"More, perhaps, than you would think, madam," he declared. "He knows how to make a bargain, believe me. It cost us more than I would like to tell you to get these fellows here."

Pamela looked him in the eyes.

"Be careful, Monsieur Ferrani," she advised, "that it does not cost you more to get rid of them."

She leaned back in her place, apparently tired of the subject, and Ferrani, a little puzzled, made his bow and withdrew. The music was once more in full swing. Their luncheon was served, and Lutchester did his best to entertain his companions. Their eyes, however, every few seconds strayed towards the door. There was no sign of the missing guest.

CHAPTER II.

Molly Holderness, for whom Graham's absence possessed, perhaps, more significance than the others, relapsed very soon into a strained and anxious silence. Pamela and Lutchester, on the other hand, divided their attention between a very excellent luncheon and an even flow of personal, almost inquisitorial conversation.

"You will find," Pamela warned her companion almost as they took their places, "that I am a very curious person. I am more interested in people than in events. Tell me something about your work at the War Office."

"I am not at the War Office," he replied.

"Well, what is it that you do, then?" she asked. "Captain Holderness told me that you had been out in France, fighting, but that you had some sort of official position at home now."

"I am at the Ministry of Munitions," he explained.

"Well, tell me about that, then?" she suggested. "Is it as exciting as fighting?"

He shook his head.

"It has advantages," he admitted, "but I should scarcely say that excitement figured amongst them."

She looked at him thoughtfully. Lutchester was a little over thirty-five years of age, tall and of sinewy build. His colouring was neutral, his complexion inclined to be pale, his mouth straight and firm, his grey eyes rather deep-set. Without possessing any of the stereotyped qualifications, he was sufficiently good-looking.

"I wonder you didn't prefer soldiering," she observed.

He smiled for a moment, and Pamela felt unreasonably annoyed at the twinkle in his eyes.

"I am not a soldier by profession," he said, "but I went out with the Expeditionary Force and had a year of it. They kept me here, after a slight wound, to take up my old work again."

"Your old work," she repeated. "I didn't know there was such a thing as a Ministry of Munitions before the war."

He deliberately changed the conversation, directing Pamela's attention to the crowded condition of the room.

"Gay scene, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Very!" she assented drily.

"Do you come here to dance?" he inquired.

She shook her head.

"You must remember that I have been living in Paris for some months," she told him. "You won't be annoyed if I tell you that the way you English people are taking the war simply maddens me."

"You must be careful," he said, "not to be too much misled by externals."

Pamela opened her lips for a quick reply, but checked herself.

Captain Holderness and Ferrani had entered the room and were approaching their table, talking earnestly. The latter especially was looking perplexed and anxious.

"It's the queerest thing I ever knew," Holderness pronounced. "We've searched every hole and corner upstairs, and there isn't a sign of Sandy."

"Have you tried the bar?" Lutchester inquired.

"Both the bar and the grillroom," Ferrani assured him.

"If he had been suddenly taken ill——" Molly murmured.

"But there is no place in which he could have been taken ill which we have not searched," Ferrani reminded her.

"And besides," Holderness intervened, "Sandy was in the very pink of health, and bubbling over with high spirits."

"One noticed that," Lutchester remarked, a little drily.

"He might almost have been called garrulous," Pamela agreed.

Ferrani took grave leave of them, and Holderness seated himself at the table.

"Well, let's get on with luncheon, any way," he advised. "It's no good bothering. The best thing we can do is to conclude that the impossible has happened—that Sandy has met with some pals and will be here presently."

"Or possibly," Lutchester suggested, "that he has done what certainly seems the most reasonable thing—gone straight off to the War Office with his formula and forgotten all about us. Let us return the compliment and forget all about him."

They finished their luncheon a little more cheerfully. As the cigarettes were handed round, Pamela's eyes looked longingly at a tray of Turkish coffee which was passing.

"I'm a rotten host," Holderness declared, "but, to tell you the truth, this queer prank of Sandy's has driven everything else out of my mind. Here, Hassan!"

The coloured man in gorgeous Oriental livery turned at once with a smile. He approached the table, bowing to each of them in turn. Pamela watched him intently, and, as his eyes met hers, Hassan's hands began to shake.

"The waiter is bringing us ordinary coffee," Holderness explained. "Please countermand it and bring us Turkish coffee for four."

The man had lost his savoir faire. His wonderful smile had turned into something sickly, his bland speech of thanks into a mumble. He turned away almost sheepishly.

"Hassan doesn't seem to like us to-day," Molly remarked.

"I should have said that he was drunk," her brother observed, looking after him curiously.

There was certainly something the matter with Hassan, for it was at least a quarter of an hour before he reappeared and served his specially-prepared concoction with the usual ceremony but with more restraint. Molly and the two men, after Hassan had sprinkled the contents of his mysterious little flask into their coffee, gave him their hands for the customary salute. When he came to Pamela he hesitated. She shook her head and he fell back, bowing respectfully, his hand tracing cabalistic signs across his heart. For a moment before he departed he raised his eyes and glanced at her. It was like the mute appeal of some hurt or frightened animal.

"You don't approve of Hassan's little ceremony?" Lutchester asked her.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"In America," she observed, "I think we look upon coloured people of any sort a little differently. Well, we've certainly given our friend a chance," she went on, glancing at the little jewelled watch upon her wrist. "We've outstayed almost everyone here."

Their host paid the bill, and they strolled reluctantly towards the door, Holderness and Pamela a few steps behind.

"Now, what are your sister and Mr Lutchester studying again?" the latter inquired as they reached the lobby.

Molly had paused once more before the notice on the wall, which seemed somehow to have fascinated her. She read it out, lingering on every word—

MEFIEZ-VOUS!
TAISEZ-VOUS!
LES OREILLES ENNEMIES VOUS ECOUTENT!

Holderness listened with a frown. Then he turned suddenly to Lutchester, who was standing by his side.

"It would be too ridiculous, wouldn't it—you couldn't in any way connect the idea behind that notice with Sandy's disappearance?"

"I was wondering about that myself," Lutchester confessed. "To tell you the truth, I have been wondering all luncheon time. If ever a man broke the letter and the spirit of that simple warning, I should say your excitable young friend Captain Graham did."

"But here at Henry's," Holderness protested, "with your friends on every side! Isn't it a little too ridiculous! We'll wait until the last person is out of the place, any way," he added.

The crowd soon began to thin. Ferrani, seeing them still waiting, approached with a little bow.

"Your friend," he asked, "he has not arrived, eh?"

"No sign of him," Holderness replied gloomily.

"What about his hat and coat?" Ferrani inquired, with a sudden inspiration.

"Great idea," Holderness assented, turning towards the cloakroom attendant. "Don't you remember my friend, James?" he went on. "He arrived about half-past one, and threw his coat and hat over to you."

"I remember him quite well, sir," he acknowledged. "Number sixty-seven was his number."

The attendant nodded and glanced towards an empty peg.

"Where are his things, then?"

"Gone, sir," the man replied.

"Do you remember his asking for them?"

The attendant shook his head.

"Can't say that I do, sir," he acknowledged, "but they've gone right enough."

A party of outgoing guests claimed the man attention. Holderness turned away.

"This thing is getting on my nerves," he declared. "Does it seem likely that Sandy should chuck his luncheon without a word of explanation, come out and get his coat and hat, and walk off? And, besides, where was he all the time we were looking for him?"

It was unanswerable, inexplicable. They all looked at one another, almost helplessly. Pamela held out her hand.

"Well," she announced, "I am sorry, but I'm afraid that I must go. I have a great many things to attend to this afternoon."

"You are going away soon?" Lutchester inquired.

She hesitated, and at that moment Mr Fischer, who had been saying farewell to his guests, turned towards her.

"You are not thinking of the trip home yet, Miss Van Teyl?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered a little evasively. "I'm out of humour with London just now."

"Perhaps we shall be fellow-passengers on Thursday?" he ventured. "I am going over on the New York."

"I never make plans," she told him.

"In any case, Mr Fischer continued, "I shall anticipate our early meeting in New York. I heard from your brother only yesterday."

She looked at him with a slight frown.

"From James?"

Mr Fischer nodded.

"Why, I didn't know," she observed, "that you and he were acquainted."

"I have had large transactions with his firm, and naturally I have seen a good deal of Mr Van Teyl," the other explained. "He looks after the interests of us Western clients."

Pamela turned a little abruptly away, and Lutchester walked with her to the door.

"You will let me see that they bring your car round?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Thank you, no," she replied, holding out her hand. "I have not yet said good-bye to Captain Holderness and his sister. Good-bye, Mr Lutchester!"

Her farewell was purposely chilly. It seemed as though the slight sparring in which they had indulged throughout luncheon-time, had found its culmination in an antipathy which she had no desire to conceal. Lutchester, however, only smiled.

"Nowadays," he observed, "that is a word which it is never necessary to use."

She withdrew her hand from his somewhat too tenacious clasp. Something in his manner puzzled as well as irritated her.

"Do you mean that you, too, are thinking of taking a holiday from your strenuous labours?" she asked. "Perhaps America is the safest country in the world just now for an Englishman who——"

She stopped short, realising the lengths towards which her causeless pique was carrying her.

"Prefers departmental work to fighting were you going to add?" he said quietly. "Well, perhaps you are right. At any rate, I will content myself by saying au revoir."

He passed through the turnstile door and disappeared. Pamela made her adieux to Holderness and his sister, and then, recognising some acquaintances, turned back into the restaurant to speak to Mr Fischer, who had just received his hat and cane from the cloakroom attendant, and stood watching her.

[CONTINUED AT FOOT OF NEXT PAGE.]

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

bout To Wed

Lafayette.

Miss Flavelle Caldwell, fourth daughter of the late Mr John R. Caldwell and of Mrs Caldwell, Courtallan, Helensburgh, is the happy lady, and this is her photograph. The other party to the engagement is a gallant young officer, Mr Oswald T. Sloan, Cameronians, and now attached to the Royal Flying

rps, son of the late Rev. John Sloan, of nawlands, and of Mrs Sloan, Hightborne, wlands, Glasgow.

ll in Three Years!

One of the first Scottish officers to gain e Military Cross in the war was Captain P. D. Telfer Smollett, the genial laird Bonhill, who is now a brigade-major of division in France. This is another inance of rapid promotion, as in 1914 Major nollett was a lieutenant in the H.L.I. In dition, he has been three times "menned," and has been wounded by shrapnel.

othwell's Great Fete.

Lafayette.

There were ani- ated scenes in e lovely grounds Bothwell Castle sterday (Satur- y). The occa- n was a garden e and gift sale aid of the Scot- h Red Cross, and e picturesquely uated policies re thrown open for the occasion by the rl and Countess of Home, who, though t frequently in residence in this ancient t of the Douglases, are ever ready to d a helping hand to all laudable schemes ganised in the district.

Resourceful Lady.

One of the mainsprings in the success hich attended the fête was Mrs James T. rgie of Mossparк House, Bothwell. The fe of Mr James T. Forgie, one of the incipals in that well-known coalowning m—the Bairds of Gartsherrie—she has prominently associated herself with social, philthropic, and churchwork in both Bothll and Uddingston. Her splendid work behalf of the Red Cross Society has been rried out purposefully and without the retest show of ostentation.

olonel Kay's Fine Spirit.

The other day Viscount French, in London, made a kindly reference to "the wonderful patriotic sacrifices" which the men of our magnificent Territorial Army had rendered in the present war. In this connection is not inappropriate that I should remark the remarkably fine spirit exhibited by utenant-Colonel W. Martin Kay, the offi- commanding the Mid Lanark Territials. Severely wounded at Festubert in 5, where the gallant lads of Lanarkshire ght grimly and valiantly, Colonel Kay home for a brief spell. He is now in thick of it again, having been posted to other active service battalion.

Well Done, Aberdeenshire!

Three of the Military Crosses which have come to the Aberdeen district within the past few days have been to sons of prominent men. Major John Forbes Macdonell, Royal Field Artillery, is a son of the late Dr W. R. Macdonell, Bridge of Don, whose fame as one of the best golfers in the country is well known. Captain James W. Tocher, of the R.A.M.C., is a son of Dr J. F. Tocher, county analyst of Aberdeen. He had a distinguished career at Aberdeen University prior to going into practice at Washington, Durham. Second-Lieutenant Norman Stuart Sim, Cameron Highlanders, who took his B.Sc. degree in engineering at Glasgow University, is the youngest son of Mr William Sim, banker, Banchory, a well-known Deeside man.

Atholl Soldier's Promotion.

His many Atholl friends have learned with pleasure of the promotion of Sergeant-Major David Ewen, Ballinluig, to commissioned rank. Mr Ewen, who was a gamekeeper in the piping times of peace, joined the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry in the early days of the war, and was fortunate enough to go through the Gallipoli campaign without receiving a scratch.

An Earl's Bride.

The future mistress of the bonnie Hoose o' Airlie is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, Lady Bridget Coke, whose engagement to Captain the Earl of Airlie has just been announced. She is an accomplished young lady who has been working hard recently to assist war charities, especially in the neighbourhood of her home in Norfolk. Beautiful, and a brilliant conversationalist, she will be a welcome figure around the estates of Cortachy.

Home on Leave.

The other day I ran up against "Bob" Holman, of Cowdenbeath, now of the Black Watch, and at present home on a few days' leave. Bob is as optimistic as ever regarding the end of the war, and naturally enthusiastic about rifle shooting. It is many years since he handled his first rifle, and many owe to him their knowledge of musketry. As promoter and instructor of Cowdenbeath Rifle Club he performed splendid national service previous to the war, and it is his boast that all or nearly all of his pupils like himself wear the cross-guns.

Gordon Highlander's Bravery.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. Fraser, M.C., Gordon Highlanders, whose promotion from a captaincy is gazetted, is the youngest son of Lord Saltoun of Philorth, and has proved himself worthy of the family traditions for bravery and steadfastness of purpose. His conspicuous bravery on the field in the present war gained for him the Military Cross, and he has been mentioned in despatches. He made a fortunate recovery from his wounds. His well-deserved promotion in the "Cock o' the North" Gordons reminds one of the ancient rhyming couplet—

"As lang as there's a cock in the North
There'll be a Fraser in Philorth."

An Edinburgh Bride.

Lafayette.

Here is a portrait of Mrs Graham Girling, the charming bride of Captain W. Graham Girling, of the Royal Scots. As Miss Greta Salmond Mrs Girling was well known in the Morningside district of Edinburgh, her father being the Rev. Dr C. A. Salmond. For a year prior to her wedding Mrs Girling acted as honorary organist in South Morningside U.F. Church, thus performing a very practical bit of war service, as the regular organist had been called to the colours.

Sanquhar's New Minister.

I am sure that the Rev. David M'Queen, M.A.—who these past few years has been winning such golden opinions from the good people of Govan as assistant to the redoubtable Rev. James Barr, who might not inappropriately be termed Glasgow's "fighting parson"—will soon make himself well beloved by the members and adherents of the South of Scotland church, to which he has just been so heartily and unanimously called.

Honoured by St Andrews University.

Lafayette.

Mr James Younger, on whom the degree of LL.D. is to be conferred by St Andrews University, is a member of the Alloa branch of the Younger family of brewing fame. His elder brother is Sir George Younger, the Unionist Whip, recently described as the most popular man in the House of Commons, and his younger brother is the distinguished London Judge.

A Seaforths Commander.

Lieut.-Colonel Kenneth Gray Buchanan, D.S.O., son of Col. M. R. Gray Buchanan, Ettrickdale, Bute, has been recently appointed to the command of a battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders. The gallant lieutenant-colonel has secured rapid promotion since August, 1914, when he held the rank of captain in the Seaforths. Wounded in November of that year, this Bute officer has since been awarded the D.S.O., promoted major, brevet lieutenant-colonel, then soon afterwards posted to the command of a Seaforth battalion.

Mrs Bruce Geddes, of Largs.

Lafayette.

Regular visitors to Largs—the most popular of Clyde resorts these days—will have readily recognised the photograph of Mrs Bruce Geddes, St John's Manse, than whom our boys at the front have no more practical friend. Mrs Geddes' husband, Captain the Rev. J. C. B. Geddes, is one of the most popular of our Scottish padres in France.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Mr and Mrs John Clyde in "Rob Roy," at the Edinburgh King's; (2) Miss Nellie Wigley, at the Glasgow Empire; (3) Miss Isobel Scott in "Joyland," at the Edinburgh Empire; (4) Miss Margaret Moffat in "The Girl From Ciro's," at the Glasgow Alhambra; (5) Phil Ray, at the Glasgow Empire.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0
ALBERT WHELAN.
PHIL RAY.
DE MARERT. VARDELL BROS.
THORNTON & DELIA. OLGA CHARNA.
NELLIE WIGLEY. CARON TROUPE.
MATINEE, TUESDAY 2.30
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone 3731 Douglas.

COLISEUM,
GLASGOW
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9
OWING TO THE GREAT SUCCESS OF ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S SUPER LONDON REVUE,
"ZIG-ZAG"
WILL CONTINUE FOR ANOTHER WEEK.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 250, Central 1501.

LA SCALA,
GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., and Wed., 25th, 26th, 27th June.
EDNA MAY in
"THE CHAPERON."
Two-Part Essanay Drama.
"DODGING HIS DOOM,"
Two-Part Triangle Keystone.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 28th, 29th, 30th June.
"THE ISLE OF LIFE."
A Love Story of Intense Human Interest.
Mr and Mrs SIDNEY DREW in
"THE HIGH COST OF LIVING."
"THE TRAP" (2-Reel Drama).

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY, at 7 and 9.
MONDAY, June 25, 1917.
MARIE KENDALL,
London's Popular Comedienne.
TOM WONG TROUPE, Real Chinese Acrobats.
THE CAMPBELLS,
American Comedy Trick Cyclists.
CLIFFORD MORGAN, Baritone, in Song & Story.
And FIRST-CLASS VARIETIES.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

LA SCALA,
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., WED., June 25th, 26th, 27th.
MARGUERITE CLARKE in
MISS GEORGE WASHINGTON.
ALL THE WEEK—
CHARLES CHAPLIN
in "EASY STREET."
THURS., FRI., SAT., June 28th, 29th, 30th.
PAULINE FREDERICK in
"ASHES OF EMBERS."

ELECTRIC THEATRE, DUNDEE.
Week Commencing 25th June, 1917.
Showing MON., TUES., and WED.—"AFTER THE BALL," a Picture Production of Charles K. Harris' World-Famous Song, in 4 Reels. Also, "THE MONEY MASTER" (4 Reels).
Showing THUR., FRI., and SAT.—"THE WANDERING JEW," a Powerful Adaptation of Eugene Sue's World-Renowned Novel and Play, in 5 Reels. Also, "THE EXPLOITS OF NAT PINKERTON," Detective Drama, in 2 Reels.
Prices, 4d and 7d; Private Boxes, 4s 8d (Tax Included).

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., and WED.
OLGA PETROVA in
"THE SCARLET WOMAN."
Metro Photoplay, in 5 Reels.
THURS., FRID., and SAT.
"AMBROSIA."
Blue Bird, featuring ELLA HALL.
Also First-Class Programme of Comedy and Drama.

VICTORIA, VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., WED.
ORA PRO NOBIS.
THURS., FRID., SAT.
LIONEL BARRYMORE
in
THE UPHEAVAL.

THE GIRL FROM NEW YORK (Continued)

CHAPTER III.

Pamela, after a brief conversation with friends, once more left the restaurant. the lobby she called Ferrani to her.

"Has Mr Fischer gone, Ferrani?" she ked.

"Not two minutes ago," the man reed. "You wish to speak to him? I can p him even now."

She shook her head.

"On the contrary," she said drily, "Mr scher represents a type of my countrymen whom I am not very fond. He is a great tron of yours, is he not?"

"He is a large shareholder in the comny," Ferrani confessed.

"Then your restaurant will prosper," she d him. "Mr Fischer has the name of ing very fortunate. . . . That was a nderful luncheon you gave us to-day."

"Madame is very kind."

"Will you do me a favour?"

Ferrani's gesture was all-expressive. ords were entirely superfluous.

"I want two addresses, please. First, address of Joseph, your head musician, d, secondly, the address of Hassan, your ee-maker."

Ferrani effectually concealed any surprise might have felt. He tore a page from pocket-book.

"Both I know," he declared. "Hassan es at a shop eighty yards away. The me is Haines, and there are newspaper rds outside the door."

"That is quite enough," Pamela murmured.

"As for Monsieur Joseph," Ferrani conued, "that is a different matter. He understand, a small flat in Toward nstons, Tower Street, leading off the are Road. The number is 18C. So!" wrote it down and passed it to her. mela thanked him and stood up.

"Now that I have done as you asked me," rrani concluded, "let me add a word. th these men are already off duty and left the restaurant. If you wish to mmunicate with either of them, I advise do so by letter."

"You are a very courteous gentleman, Ferrani," Pamela declared, dropping little mock curtsey, "and good morn-

She made her way into the street outside, shook her head to the commissionaire's upraised whistle, and strolled along until she came to a cross street down which several motor cars were waiting. She approached one—a very handsome limousine—and checked the driver who would have sprung from his seat.

"George," she said, "I am going to pay a call at a disreputable-looking news shop, just where I am pointing. You can't bring the car there, as the street is too narrow. You might follow me on foot and be about."

The young man touched his hat and obeyed. A few yards down the street Pamela found her destination.

At first Pamela could scarcely see anything except a dark figure on his knees before a closed and shrouded window. Then she saw Hassan rise to his feet, saw the glitter of his eyes.

"Pull up the blind, Hassan," she directed.

He came a step nearer to her. The gloom in the apartment was extraordinary. Only his shape and his eyes were visible.

"Do as I tell you," she ordered. "Pull up the blind. It will be better."

He hesitated. Then he obeyed. Even then the interior of the room seemed shadowy and obscure.

"That's all right, Hassan," she said. "Sorry to have interrupted you at your prayers, but it had to be done. You know me?"

"Yes, mistress," he answered unwillingly. "I was your dragoman one year in Cairo. What you want here, mistress?"

"You know that I know," she went on, "that you are a Turk and a Mohammedan, and not an Egyptian at all."

"Yes, mistress, you know that," he muttered.

"And you also know," she continued, "that if I give you away to the authorities you will be sent at once to a very uncomfortable internment camp, where you won't even have an opportunity to wash more than once a day, where you will have to herd with all sorts of people, who will make fun of your colour and your religion——"

"Don't, mistress!" he shouted suddenly. "You will not tell. I think you will not tell!"

He was sidling a little towards her. Again one of those curious changes seemed to have transformed him from a dumb, passive creature into a savage. There was menace in his eyes. She waved him back without moving.

"I have come to make a bargain with you, Hassan," she said, "just a few words, that is all. Not quite so near, please."

He paused. There was a moment's silence. His face was within a foot of hers, lowering, black, bestial. Her eyes met his without a tremor. Her full, sweet lips only curved into a faintly contemptuous line.

"You cannot frighten me, Hassan," she declared. "No man has ever done that. And outside I have a chauffeur with muscles of iron, who waits for me. Be reasonable. Listen. There are secrets connected with your restaurant."

"I know nothing," he began at once; "nothing, mistress—nothing!"

"Quite naturally," she continued. "I only need one piece of information. A man disappeared there this morning. I just have to find him. That's all there is about it. At half-past one he was inveigled into the musicians' room and by some means or other rendered unconscious. At three o'clock he had been removed. I want to know what became of him. You help me and the whole world can believe you to be an Egyptian for the rest of their lives. If you can't help me it is rather unfortunate for you, because I shall tell the police at once who and what you are. Don't waste time, Hassan."

"Mistress should ask Joseph," he muttered. "I know nothing."

"Oh, mistress is going to ask Joseph all right," she assured him, "but I want a little information from you, too. You've got to earn your freedom, you know, Hassan. Come, what do they do with the people who disappear from the restaurant?"

"Not understand," was the almost piteous reply.

Pamela sighed. She had again the air of one being patient with a child.

"See here, Hassan," she went on, "a few days ago I went over that restaurant from top to bottom with the manager. There is the musicians' room, isn't there, just over the entrance hall? I suppose those little glass places in the floor are movable, and then one can hear every word that is spoken below. I am right so far, am I not?"

Hassan answered nothing. His breathing, however, had become a little deeper.

"An unsuspecting person, passing from the toilet room upstairs, could easily be induced to enter. I think that there must be another exit from that room. Yes!"

"Yes!" Hassan faltered.

"To where?"

"The wine cellars."

"And from there?"

Hassan was suddenly voluble. Truth unlocked his tongue.

"Not know, mistress—not know another thing. No one enters wine cellar but three men. One of those not know. If I guess—I, Hassan—I look at little chapel left standing in waste place. Perhaps I wonder sometimes, but I not know."

Pamela drew three notes from her gold purse, smoothed them out, and handed them over.

"Three pounds, Hassan, silence, and good day! You'll live longer if you open your windows now and then, and get a little fresh air, instead of praying yourself hoarse."

Again the black figure swayed perilously towards her. She affected not to notice, not to notice the hand which seemed for a moment as though it would snatch the door handle from her grasp. She passed out pleasantly and without haste. The last sound she heard was a groan.

Pamela passed into the narrow street and drew a long sigh of relief. Then she entered her car and gave the chauffeur an address from the slip of paper which she carried in her hand. When they stopped outside the little block of flats he prepared to follow her.

"Tough neighbourhood this, madam," he said.

"Maybe, George," she replied, waving him back, "but you've got to stay down here. If the man I am going to see thought I was frightened of him I wouldn't have a chance. If I am not down in half an hour you can try number 18 C."

The chauffeur resumed his place on the driving seat of the car. Pamela, heartily disliking her surroundings, was escorted by a shabby porter to a shabbier lift.

"You'll find Mr Joseph in," the lift boy assured her with a grin.

Pamela found the number at the end of an unswept stone passage. At her third summons the door was cautiously opened by a large, repulsive-looking woman, with a mass of peroxidised hair. She stared at her visitor first in amazement, then in rapidly gathering resentment.

"Mr Joseph is at home," she admitted truculently, in response to Pamela's inquiry. "What might you be wanting with him?"

"If you will be so good as to let me in I will explain to Mr Joseph," Pamela replied.

The woman seemed on the point of slamming the door. Suddenly there was a voice from behind her shoulder. Joseph appeared—not the smiling, joyous Joseph of Henry's, but a sullen-looking negro, dressed in shirt and trousers only, with a heavy under-lip and frowning forehead.

"Let the lady pass and get into the kitchen, Nora," he ordered. "Come this way, ma'am."

Pamela followed her guide into a parlour, redolent of stale cigar smoke, with oilcloth on the floor and varnished walls, an abode even more horrible than Hassan's lair. Joseph closed the door carefully behind him, and made no apology for his deshabille. He simply faced Pamela

"Say, what is it you want with me," he demanded truculently.

"A trifle," she answered. "The key of the chapel in the little plot of waste ground next Henry's."

She meant him to be staggered, and he was. He reeled back for a moment.

"What the hell are you talking about?" he gasped.

"Facts," Pamela replied. "Do you want to save yourself, Joseph? You can do it if you choose."

He folded his arms and stood in front of the closed door. Without a collar, his neck budged unpleasantly. There was nothing whatever left of the suave and genial chef d'orchestra.

"Save myself from what, eh? Just let me get wise about it."

Pamela's eyebrows were daintily elevated.

"Dear me!" she murmured. "I thought you were more intelligent. Listen. You know where we met last? Let me remind you. You were playing in the Winter Garden at Berlin, and the gentleman whom I was with, an attache at the American Embassy, spoke to you. He told me a good deal about your past life, Joseph, and your present one. You are in the pay of the Secret Service of Germany. Am I to go to Scotland Yard and tell them so?"

Another long instalment of this up-to-date story of the Secret Service will appear next week. Don't miss it!

CUP FINAL AT FIRHILL.

Cambuslang Rangers and Perthshire met in the final for the Glasgow Junior Consolation Cup at Firhill. Perthshire started with great vim, but never looked like doing damage, while the Rangers gradually came into the picture. After five minutes' play Maxwell centred a nice ball and Haughton scored. Haughton again found the road for Cambuslang, and his method of trapping and driving home a left-wing centre marked him down as the Cam'slang goods. Perthshire were well beaten in tactics, and the Rangers' halves dominated the play by the excellence of their tackling and placing. Perthshire enlivened proceedings by their first direct shot off Cook, which Cunningham safely held. The keeper was not so fortunate in the second attempt. Half-time—Rangers, 2; Perthshire, 1.

The Rangers for a period were an easy first, and Haughton stood out as the best shot afield. Perthshire never lay down, and the Rangers tappered off from their first-half display, and, all in, it was a great tussle, Rangers to win, Perthshire to draw. Goodwin and Kelly were the Perthshire's outstanding men. While for the Rangers, none bettered Cunningham, M'Gregor, Haughton, and Ward. Perthshire's closing rally was great, but they failed to harvest, and the last kick of the game sealed Perthshire's fate, Finnie scoring with a fast grounder, which Gormley held, but failed to stop. Verdict—Rangers good winners.

Cambuslang Rangers, 3; Perthshire, 1.

Cambuslang Rangers — Cunningham; Baillie and M'Gowan; Wilson, Russell, and M'Gregor; Maxwell, Haughton, Ward, Finnie, and Greenshields.

Perthshire—Gormley; Rae and M'Lachlan; Willison, Goodwin, and Miller; Howat, Elliot, Kelly, Queen, and Cook.

STILL LEVEL.

Petershill and Parkhead met at Cathkin in a deciding game for the championship of the Glasgow Junior League. No decision was arrived at, the teams finishing at 1 all. Petershill scored in the first half from a penalty, driven home by Reid, and Parkhead equalised through the same medium, Kerr being the "houser." M'Donald was the 'Hill's outstanding player, and in a game which never touched a high level Mathie and Bennie stood out for Parkhead.

Petershill, 1; Parkhead, 1.

RED CROSS RACING IN IRELAND.

2.0—STEWARDS' PLATE—One mile one furlong eighty-six yards.

Mr Julia (M. Beary),	1
Green Button (T. Burns),	2
Aller (W. Barrett),	3

Betting—5 to 4 Hello Kells, 9 to 2 Lonely Lass, 8 to 1 Loch Dan, Longerline, and Cally, 10 to 1 Esplanadian and Trostan, 100 to 8 Hopeless Dawn, 20 to 1 others.

A dead heat, two and a half lengths between second and third.

Dead heat, stakes divided.

3.0—RED CROSS HANDICAP—Seven furlongs.

Rich Gift (S. Donoghue),	1
Duke of Brandon (C. Aylin),	2
Friarstown Lass (V. Smythe),	3

Betting—6 to 1 Rich Gift, Friarstown Lass, and Requerdo, 8 to 1 Duke of Brandon and Sand Martin, 4 to 1 Earl Flotsam, 10 to 1 Leddiston.

3.30—SATURDAY HANDICAP PLATE—One mile seven furlongs.

Henrietta (E. M. Quirke),	1
Cellar Glen (C. Aylin),	2
Monard (G. Wadgwood),	3

Betting—4 to 1 Henrietta, Cellar Glen, and Crosley, 8 to 1 Aldermaston, Cormac, and Hartstown, 100 to 8 others.

Won by a head, two lengths between second and third.

4.0—BENEFIT MAIDEN PLATE—Five furlongs.

Wenshal (W. Barrett),	1
Son O' Lee (S. Donoghue),	2
Mexico (E. M. Quirke),	3

Betting—6 to 4 Wenshal, 6 to 1 Rustic Bridge and Stolen Oats, 5 to 1 Son O' Lee and Mexico, 4 to 1 Southern Jay, 20 to 1 others.

Won in a canter, six length between first and second, three-quarters of a length between second and third.

4.30—RAILWAY PLATE (Flat Race)—One mile and seven furlongs.

Amaryllis (J. Harty),	1
Nimmy (Capt. Bewicke),	2
War Flour (Mr L. L. Firth),	3

Betting—5 to 2 Radius, 3 to 1 Amaryllis, 4 to 1 Nimmy, 6 to 1 Pye Bridge and Marchef, 8 to 1 Dunadry and Rowleston, 100 to 8 others.

Won by half a length, same distance between second and third.

5.0—MILITARY PLATE (Flat Race)—One mile seven furlongs.

Bee Fast (Mr L. L. Firth),	1
Glandavedogue (Capt. Richardson),	2
Philander (Mr R. Bulted),	3

Betting—6 to 4 on Bee Fast, 5 to 1 Despotic, 8 to 1 Philander, Quilla, Wavelet's Prince, Jimmy Easter, and Glandavedogue, 100 to 8 others.

Won in a canter, one and a half length between first and second, twelve lengths between second and third.

GLASGOW POLICE SPORTS.
In aid of GLASGOW PRISONERS OF WAR, IBROX PARK, 3d JULY, at 3 p.m.
Races for Army and Navy, Schools, &c.; Exciting Tugs-of-War—Police v. "Specials," Wrestling Bouts, High Jumping, Juvenile Piping and Dancing, Five-aside Football for Higher Grade Schools. Great Boxing Contests:—Dan Flynn v. Pat Breslin, Walter Ross v. Taney Lee, Jack Ritchie v. Dan M'Goldrick. Referee, Eugene Corri, Esq., London. Starring appearance of the World's Champion Runner, George M'Crae, of Banknock, in a special Two Mile Handicap. Boxing commences at 7 p.m.

WHEN RUN DOWN
or weakened by illness, ANDERSON'S QUININE & IRON TONIC comes as a welcome reinforcement to aid you in renewing the battle of Life. It does it successfully. Sold in bottles at 1s 3d and 2s 3d each at
JAS. ANDERSON'S DUNDEE DRUG STORES
79-74 COMMERCIAL ST., DUNDEE.
The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines, &c., of Best Quality at Minimum Prices.

THE TRACK.

TIPS TO TAKE ABOUT COMING EVENTS.

Entries close to-morrow for the Charity Sports on Saturday at Celtic Park, in aid of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Tollcross. The prizes are on the same lines as last year, and that is saying something. Dan Travers is again acting as secretary, and a line to 239 Eastmuir Street, Shettleston, will always find him.

In place of the usual senior five-a-side we are to be treated to an exhibition by the juniors. The following teams are expected:—Blantyre Vics, Cambuslang Rangers, Vale of Clyde, Shettleston, Parkhead, St Anthony's, St Peter's A.C., and the team which won last year, Petershill. St Anthony's are red-hot favourites for the clocks, but if the Parkhead boys turn out in force, I am plumping for the clocks remaining in the vicinity of Celtic Park.

Coming to the racing events, it will be a difficult matter to find a winner. The boys are getting well tuned up by this time, and you never can tell what may happen the Saturday previous to a big meeting such as comes along on the following week.

Albert Ashley, the Glenparker, has been showing good form of late, but he has, so far, not touched a first prize, and I can't help thinking that if he would take a hold of himself with both hands—well, he could have a good win on Saturday in either the 100 up or furlong.

Trainer Kelly fancies his second boy, L. A. Osborne, over the 100 and 220, but the winner may come along in the person of Bobbie Finlay, a West boy, who is looking in the pink.

The half-mile gives a chance to Jimmy Weir, Shettleston, who prefers the one dash game. Another lad, J. C. Spalding, W.S.H., should be well up. Jamie Wilson or Jimmy M'Donald, both of Greenock, and Davie Honeymoon, B.H., will be all there in the mile.

The Edinburgh Red Cross Meet is certain to house a big crowd at Powderhall Grounds on Saturday. One of the principal items will be an attempt on record by George M'Crae, Banknock, the best ten miles runner Scotland has ever produced. I know this statement will not be accepted, but that is my opinion, and you can have yours. The dust-up between Tancy Lee and Wally Ross is worth going a long way to see, and I fancy, if the weather is at all decent, a good gate should be the result.

The Police Meeting at Ibrox Park on Tuesday week promises to be a great function. Lieutenant MacLean, sports secretary, has been busy booking entries for all the events. The star attraction is, of course, the boxing contest between Corporal Dan Flynn and Pat Breslin, Uddingston. Some of the sports think this is a snip for one man, but I have it on good authority that more than one man will know he has been boxing before the finish. How's that, umpire?

The programme to be submitted is a real feast for sports lovers in the West. Special interest attaches to the appearance of George M'Crae, of Banknock, in a two mile handicap, in which this dazzling runner will attempt to lower existing records.

Not content with these starring events, the Committee have made arrangements for the meeting of two such prominent exponents of the noble art as Corporal Dan Flynn, of the M.T., A.S.C., and Pat Breslin. Flynn is certain to put in an appearance, and the contest should prove the most important boxing event in the Scottish season. Flynn is in grand form, and the boxing is sure to be fast and exciting. Breslin will make a huge effort to retain his prestige as champion.

If you have not booked a seat for the Red Cross Meet on Saturday, 7th July, do so now. What a host of attractions the Committee have booked up. Corporal Dan Flynn, Eddie Beattie, Darkie Billy Smith, and Chic Wallace, all on Saturday, and in addition there will be aeroplane flights, flat racing, and Highland dancing; and on the Monday Sergt. Jimmy Wilde, Tancy Lee, Driver Clarke, and Wally Ross tops the show bill—a great gathering.

KILMARNOCK SPORTS.

Kilmarnock F.C. Sports at Rugby Park yesterday attracted a large crowd. The programme was built on good lines, and included not only the usual athletic items, but many special features of entertainment. For the racing events there was an entry of 130; and a football tourney, the competing clubs being:—Queen's Park, Celtic, Rangers, Partick Thistle, Ayr United, and Kilmarnock. Bryce Scott, champion all-round athlete, gave a delightful exhibition of jumping, and the Newfoundland Regiment's Band discoursed a programme of music.

Principal Results:—100 Yards Flat Race (open)—1 G. Hamilton, Maryhill (2); 2 J., M'Fadden Shettleston (3½); 3 W. Rasside, Bellahouston (5½); 4 J. G. Taylor, Eglinton (6½). Won by inches. A fine race. Time, 10 1-5 secs.

Half-Mile Flat Race—1 A. Barrie, Shettleston (32); 2 J. Morrison, Eglinton (44); 3 J. H. Motion, Eglinton (20). Time, 2 min. 8 1-5 secs.

Schools Relay Race—1 Kilmarnock Academy, 2 Glencairn. Each boy ran 220 yds.

220 Yards Flat Race (handicap)—1 G. Hamilton (3), 2 J. M'Fadden, Shettleston; 3 Lance-Corporal Low, Shettleston (14). Time, 5 min. 4 1-5 secs.

Two Miles Flat Race Handicap—1 J. G. Haggerty, Eglinton (160); 2 Corpl. J. M'Donald, Glenpark (170); 3 G. W. Morrison, Eglinton (170). Time, 10 min. 20 1-5 secs.

Five-a-Side:—First Round—Celtic—Dodds, M'Stay, O'Kane, M'Guire (Belfast Celtic), Fullerton—1 goal (by O'Kane). Kilmarnock—Hamilton, M'Phail, Culley, Blair, Smith—3 goals 1 corner (Culley 2, Smith 1).

Ayr United—Crosbie, Waddell, Speel, Nisbet, Rock—1 goal (by Crosbie). Rangers—Blair, Dixon, Rutherford (Kilmarnock), Goldie (Kilmarnock), A. N. Other—0.

Second Round—Kilmarnock, 1 goal; Queen's Park—Neilson, Cowan, Ford, Cresswell, A. L. Morton—0.

Ayr United, 3 goals; Partick Thistle—Bulloch, J. Harris, N. Harris, and two locals—0.

Final—Kilmarnock, goal 2 corners; Ayr United, 1 goal. Culley and Crosbie scored.

DUMBARTON HARP SPORTS.

The second annual amateur sports meeting promoted by Dumbarton Harp F.C. was held yesterday. The first event was the 100 yards boys' handicap open to Dumbartonshire. The result was:—1 Frank Carlow, Vale of Leven Academy (scratch); 2 James M'Gronnas, Dumbarton; 3 S. Oliver, Dumbarton.

The 100 yards open handicap was run in six heats, which resulted as follows:—Pte. A. C. Cook, Maryhill Harriers (6); G. F. Grant, Bellahouston Harriers (9½); W. Wilson, Shettleston (5½); R. Findlay, W.S.H. (7½); W. Rodger, unattached (9½); and D. M'Intyre, Bellahouston Harriers (9½). The final, despite the heavy ground, was a fast race, and the first three finished very close:—1 G. F. Grant, 2 R. Findlay, 3 W. Wilson.

There were thirty-six entrants for the half-mile handicap. In the first heat J. B. Craig (46) and J. Cuthbert (48), both Bellahouston Harriers, ran close, but the former broke the tape first. S. Small, Bellahouston (34), ran consistently in the second heat, and was a worthy winner. Small, in the final, pulled up his opponents in the first lap and won as he liked, finishing ten yards ahead of Cuthbert.

Invitation School Relay Race—1 Vale of Leven Academy, 2 Dumbarton Academy.

The 100 yards handicap confined to munition workers and H. M. Forces also provided a good race. Results of heats:—H. M'Williams, Bellahouston Harriers (6½); Pte. Cook, R.A.M.C. (6); J. Thomas, Glenpark Harriers (9½); G. F. Grant, Bellahouston (9½). In the final Pte. Cook won on the tape, 2 Grant, 3 M'William.

Five-a-Side Football—First Tie—Celtic—Browning, Livingstone, Brown, Dempster, Brodie—1 goal; Renton—M'Kim, D. Ritchie, M'Kinnon, Gunn, Haddow—1 goal 1 corner.

Dumbarton—M'Grory, Thom, Ritchie, Semple, Marshall—1 goal 1 corner; Vale of Leven—Mair (Aberdeen), Brander, M'Laughlan, M'Diarmid, Busby—0. There were unfortunately displays of temper in this match, M'Diarmid and Ritchie being put off the field.

Military Five—Brownlie, Fletcher, Scott Duncan, Rae, Walker—4 goals; Clydebank—Duffy (Dumbarton Harp), Short, Mackie, Fulton, Martin—1 goal.

Semi-Finals—Dumbarton Harp, 1 goal; Renton, 0. Military Five, 1 goal; Dumbarton, 0.

Final resulted:—Dumbarton, 1 goal 1 corner; Military Five, 1 goal.

In the mile handicap there were twenty-two runners. F. Cormack, Clydesdale Harriers (18), had a good win, S. Small, Bellahouston Harriers, being second, and A. Mair, Bellahouston Harriers, third.

The feature of the afternoon was the 220 yards open handicap. Heat winners:—G. F. Grant (17), J. C. Spalding (16), H. M'William (14), H. D. Souttar, Glenpark Harriers (11), J. B. Bell, Bellahouston Harriers (8), and D. M'Intyre, Bellahouston Harriers (17). Sergeant J. W. Gutteridge would have won his heat, had he not stumbled and fallen twenty yards from the finish. Bell, a young Dumbarton runner, won his heat narrowly over a single opponent. Bell added further to his reputation in the final, when he finished first. Starting scratch man, he pulled in at 100 yards, and had a clear win at the tape. George F. Grant was second, and H. D. Souttar third.

Owing to the inclement weather conditions, the Dumbarton Academy postponed their sports meeting, which was to have taken place at Boghead yesterday, until Wednesday evening.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW MEET.

An extra attraction was a £10 a-side match between Mr M'Donald's Viper and Mr Smith's Greenback. A splendid race was witnessed. Near the finish Greenback drew out, and won by a yard and a half. Betting, evens the winner.

200 Yards Open Handicap—£10. Heat Winners 3s each.

First Semi-Final—Mr Boyd's Chief of the Clan and Mr Montgomery's Spunkie.

Second Semi-Final—Mr Neish's Rob Roy and Mr Dick's Joy.

Third Semi-Final—Mr Dickson's Net and Mr Morrison's Miss Pankhurst.

Fourth Semi-Final—Mr M'Dowall's Freddie and Mr Thomson's Kick In.

Final—1 Net, 2 Spunkie, 3 Chief of the Clan.

Betting, 6 to 4 each against Spunkie and Net, 3 to 1 against Chief of the Clan, 4 to 1 Miss Pankhurst and Rob Roy, 5 to 1 Joy, 8 to 1 Freddie, 10 to 1 Kick In. Won by half a yard.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

1 Nancy (Mr Ray, Lochgelly), 20, 2 Haw Wull (Mr Wallace, Tinneswood), 12½, 3 Has Been (Mr Duncan, Lochgelly), 10, 4 Prince (Mr Wallace Bowhill), 17. Betting, 4 to 1 against Nancy.

COATBRIDGE MEET.

The usual weekly handicap took place on Mr Richardson's grounds, Coatbridge, yesterday afternoon. There was a good attendance. Rain fell during the greater part of the afternoon. The programme opened with the semi-finals of the previous week's handicap. Results: — First Semi-Final—1 M'Keown's Fill Up (44), 2 Cullen's Dick (45). Second Semi-Final—1 Clinton's Comedienne (37), 2 Cullen's My Pet (39). Final—1 Dick, 2 Fill Up. Betting, 6 to 4 the field.

Twenty-one heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners:—M'Cowan's Armagh (49), Geddes' Kitchener (47), Thomson's Blackbird (50), Shearer's Night Shift (46), Barr's Mons Lad (50), James' Nellie Kay (42), Brown's Saucy Sarah (46), Allan's Honour Bright (50), M'Guire's Stirabout (47), Geddes' Sleepy (44), Guss' Candyhammer (43), Gilchrist's Wee Meg (41), Mitchell's Wandering Boy (46), Mitchell's Combine (47), Wardrope's Turbine (46), M'Keown's Fill Up (44), Mackrell's Look Sharp (45), Duffy's Long Span (36), Dickson's White Feet (44), Hamilton's Jem Mace (46). Made-up heat—Runaway (51).

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

A 190 yards dog handicap was run off at Powderhall yesterday in twenty-seven heats, bringing out 170 entrants. The following contested the final:—M'Lean's (Lochgelly) Big Eck (27), Genelle's (Leith) Spanish Prince (22), Parton's (Leith) Loretto (28), Law's (Edinburgh) Scotch Rose (21), and Buchan's (Leith) Burnley Bob (28). Final—(£8) Big Eck. Betting, 5 to 2 on Big Eck, 3 to 1 against Spanish Prince, 9 to 2 Scotch Rose, 10 to 1 each Loretto and Burnley Bob. A splendid race, won by a foot from Scotch Rose. Time, 10½ secs.

QUOITS.

BY "DISC."

St Andrew's seem safe for the retention of the Glasgow League Challenge Cup.

Riccarton quoiters are wondering when Haggarty, of Galston, intends implementing his return match with Cree. Failing an early fix up "J. G. H." is in danger of losing the stake money.

J. W. Bell, the ex-Douglas Water player, is laying the metal down for St Andrew's in great style.

From Kilmarnock I learn that J. Cree's backers have had cash lying to tie a match with A. Harper. This confounds rumours, and Alec can't get beyond this. Jas. M'Gowan, Old Street, Riccarton, will tie the match for £25, and nothing less will do.

There was some stir at Paisley on Tuesday, when Peter Boag, B. & W. and James, Paisley Central, met at 61 up for £15. At 54-41 Boag made a grand finish, and collared the stakes—61-42.

B. & W. defeated Johnstone by 6 shots in their two games, home and home, and Paisley Central were up 79 against Gateside. It's now B. & W. and Paisley for the final. "Disc" tips the Engineers for the Renfrewshire pot.

A grumble from Renfrew. The Scottish have sent the final of the Consolation to Harriothill. Cowlairs have only a stone's throw to travel (who threw the stone?), and B. & W. have to do nine miles.

"Jock" Mushet is up against Christie, of Motherwell, and it should prove a square tussle.

Tom Weir, of Harriothill, and Hughie Winters, of Crosslea, have come to terms for a return. They play off on the 7th.

The Howard De Walden Cup final was played on Wednesday, when the result was:—M'Bride 21, Durney 19; and the champion retains the honour. Durney, after throwing 24 lbs. in the final, had to cycle through the rain for fifteen miles.

Glenbuck run a tourney on 7th July, when a gold medal, value £5, goes with the first prize of 70s. This medal is presented by Lieutenant M'Intosh, of the South African Infantry. It should draw, but for it being Scottish Cup-tie date "Disc" would have been with you.

In reply to "Handicap"—It's a big question, that of a burnt quoit definition. State your case, and send name and address. I will write you direct.

That Larkhall result confounded the Kirkintilloch pitchers, who felt "Cross." Take it from me that Chalmers is all out to show that the 61-32 result was not true form.

The New Stevenston tourney goes on apace. "Bauldie" outpaced Motherwell's candidate, who got the "War-drop", and John Jamieson, of the Grange club, found his "King" in the Dykehead man.

James Rae, Uphall, is to be in Kirkintilloch next month on a missionary movement. On his game Rae is a star pitcher.

I am informed that the Cameron-Wardrope match fixed for Fair Tuesday is off. Anybody want Wardrope's number that date?

SCOTTISH CHAMPION BEATEN.

R. M'Bride, Galston, the Scottish champion, defended his title against W. Watters, Lochgelly, an ex-champion, who previously lost the title by default. The stake was £100; conditions, 61 shots up at 21 yards, and Barrhead housed the event. M'Bride led off, and Watters got the first end for 1. He continued to count, and ran 5 to 1. Later scores found Watters leading 11-2, 16-13, 24-16, and playing a steady length half-game was reached, the challenger up 12 shots—Watters 31, M'Bride 19. As in the first half the Fifer did most of the counting, and never lost the lead. Watters stood 44-29, 56-33. The Fife candidate was never in danger, and though M'Bride ran 11 shots when Watters wanted 3 to win, it was of no avail, as a single and a double gave the game and the title to Watters. Result:—Watters, 61; M'Bride, 45. The gate drawings amounted to £54.

The Wylie Cup competition, which carries with it the Single-Handed Championship of Glasgow and District, was played yesterday, when, owing to the inclement weather, the first round only was played. The following well-known players were among the survivors of the round:—John Orr, Tom Weir, H. M'Dougall, D. Skeoch, Archie Bulloch, and E. Laidlaw. The competition will be played to a finish next week-end. The surprise of the round was the defeat of J. W. Bell, St Andrew's, by Geo. Chapman, Cowlairs.

Hugh Johnstone, Croy, 61; Peter Millar, Banton, 27.

KIRKCONNEL GAMES.

These old-established games, which have been dormant for three years, were revived yesterday on behalf of the Scottish Red Cross Funds. The attendance was large. Principal Results:—100 Yards—1 J. Graham, Kirkconnel; 2 T. Houston, New Cumnock. 220 Yards Handicap—1 W. M'Minn, Kirkconnel. Open 440 Yards—1 C. Houston. Open Sack Race—1 G. M'Kechnie, New Cumnock. Half-Mile Handicap—1 J. Black, Craigbank. Race for Wounded Soldiers—1 Pte. Allan, Dragoon Guards; 2 Pte. Morris, Scots Guards. Pillow Fight—1 Jas. Stevenson, New Cumnock. The drawings amounted to about £40, and the full amount in the hands of the Committee for the Red Cross now amount to £100.

POWDERHALL PEDS.

A half-mile foot handicap was run at Powderhall yesterday in seven heats and final, and produced about 120 runners. Result:—(£5) Sergt. Grierson, Kinross (70); (15s) A. Ross, Bowhill (85); (5s) A. Baillie, Deantown (90). Betting—3 to 1 on the winner, 4 to 1 against J. Gowans, Edinburgh (85); 2 to 1 A. Ross. Won by a foot, six yards between second and third. Time, 1 min. 59 secs.

THE RING.

TO-MORROW'S BATTLE FOR BANTAM BELT.

Should Young Fox prove successful in his contest with Young Symonds to-morrow at the National Sporting Club, it will mean the passing out of circulation of the sixth of the Lonsdale trophies, two of them, the heavy and light-weight emblems, by the effluxion of time. The one that is now in danger of passing is the second bantam belt, the first that was floated having been secured by Digger Stanley, while the new one has been won twice by the present holder, Fox, who defeated Jimmy Berry and Tommy Harrison in turn.

Both Fox and Symonds are now serving their King and country, the champion being with the Royal Flying Corps, and the Devonian with the Royal Navy. Although there is only a few months difference in their ages, Fox will have an advantage of several inches in height, standing 5 ft. 5 in., and his opponent scarcely 5 ft. Symonds, I think, has more than an outside chance of taking the belt to Plymouth.

M'GOLDRICK'S MATCH.

Dan M'Goldrick, of Airdrie, and Jack Curphey, Grenadier Guards, are to box twenty rounds at The Ring, London, to-morrow night. Curphey is Ted Broadribb's white hope, and he is expected to go far. Personally I think the soldier is over-rated, and no matter how he fares against the Scot I do not think Curphey will reach the top of the tree. But Curphey will beat M'Goldrick because he is faster and possesses more initiativeness.

PAT M'KAY'S CHANCE.

Pat M'Kay fancies he will beat Walter Ross to-morrow night at the Scottish National Club. Nobody would regret to see a game little battler like Pat on the winning side, but his task is a big one. If Ross comes at 8 st. it would not be so difficult. But will he? If Walter Ross is under 8 st. to-morrow night you can put my judgment down as being far wrong. If Ross is the weight," says Pat, "I'm sure I'll beat him. I have wanted this match for a long time. I really do fancy my chance, and I am determined to win." If Pat M'Kay wins I will be pleased to give him a good engagement at one of the best halls in England. The contract lies before me as I write, but I can only ask Pat to sign it if he beats Ross. Do you note my offer, Pat?

The management of the Scottish National Club is trying to arrange a contest of fifteen rounds between Billy Smith and Bob Spencer to take place on Monday, July 9. It is hoped this match will be made, as Spencer is well known locally. The Bellfastonian has been residing in London for a couple of years, and has done much boxing at the leading centres there. He has met many of the best welter-weights, and went fifteen rounds with Willie Farrell. Smith's form of late has been truly brilliant, and now that he is getting a fair chance to prove his worth I am tipping him to make his presence felt among his rivals.

Feeling fit and well again, Sergeant Harry Curzon will be obliged if Flynn will give him a return contest of 15 or 20 three-minute rounds for the best purse.

IRISH DERBY TIP.

BY THE COLONEL.

The Irish Derby, if Argosy takes the field fit and well, should be won by an English horse. But many rumours are rife as to his condition, or rather, lack of it. Still, the state of the betting when the flag falls should settle that problem. Personally I have little doubt upon the matter, and shall go all out for Argosy to win. But there are a couple of horses who will prevent him from having quite a cake walk in the race, and these are Kingston Black and Pendragon, whom I give for places.

The information to hand about both of these animals is good enough for me to nap either of them under ordinary circumstances. But unless Argosy is found suffering from lack of work on the day of the race, I cannot pass him over. And some animals require less preparation than others, particularly when the ground has got sun-baked and hard, a fact we sometimes forget. I therefore regard the above-mentioned trio as certain to give us the winner of this year's Irish Derby and a place horse as well.

CURRAGH—Tuesday, June 26.

1.30—Grand Fleet; next best, Requerdo.
2.0 —Elfterion; next best, Parkinson's Selected
2.40—Arrywee; next best, Timber.
3.10—Forum; next best, Ugly Duckling.
3.40—K. of K.; next best, Colt by Brook—Red Brook.
4.10—Oklahoma; next best, Soerby.

Wednesday.

1.30—Lady Palotta; next best, Bee Fast.
2.0 —Loch Dan; next best, Parkinson's Selected.
2.40—Argosy; next best, Kingston Black and Pendragon.
3.10—Molly Desmond; next best, Off the White.
3.40—Aerschot; next best, Mohaz.
4.10—La Sompa; next best, Contention.

Thursday.

1.30—Mamster Bridge; next best, Cormac.
2.0 —Mount Lebanon; next best, Double Dew.
2.40—Quarryman; next best, Patlander.
3.10—Singlestick; next best, Gold Vein.
3.40—Russley; next best, Lisnalinchy.
4.10—Doria; next best, Z. Z.

RENFREWSHIRE BOWLERS.

Paisley Clubs Tie for First Place.

The annual competition amongst the bowling clubs of Renfrewshire for the silver Cup presented by the late Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart., of Ardgowan, took place yesterday afternoon. In all twenty-nine clubs, representing 124 rinks, and comprising 496 players, had entered for the competition, but, owing to the heavy rain, several games, especially those in Greenock and Port-Glasgow district, had to be abandoned, and in other places the games had to be stopped.

The results were made out in the George Hotel, Paisley, by the Secretary, Mr Wm. Paul, when it was found that Paisley Blackland Mill and Paisley Caledonia had tied for first place with an average gain of 8 each.

This is the first time in the history of the county competition that a tie has resulted. The two clubs will decide the tie on neutral ground, on a date to be fixed by the Committee.

Paisley Abercorn were third with an average gain of 6.

Oh! what a day for flannels!

Kilmarnock five got home at Rugby Park.

Falkirk are down £222 on the year's working.

Willie Watters has regained the Scottish quoiting championship title.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

PARADOX OF THE WAR LOANS.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

HE volume of business in the Stock Markets has remained on a disappointingly small scale throughout the week; but, unless unforeseen accidents crop up again, there is reason for anticipating better things in the near future, and especially when, with the turn of the present month, monetary conditions in New York will be sufficiently relaxed to permit of the London banks lowering their deposit rates to 3½ per cent.

A favourable factor generally is the more reassuring news from Russia, and the sooner the same is translated into a definite resumption of the offensive, the better will it be for the Stock markets. The various groups of Industrial stocks mostly stand on a different footing, and the warning already sounded here as to the dangerous over-speculation which has been going on has already been justified by events.

NEW WAR LOAN OR PREMIUM BONDS?

The paradox of the War Loan is a feature even in these abnormal times. Here is the 5 Per Cent. War Loan only maintained at 94½ with the aid of Government support; whereas the 4½ Per Cent. has been dealt in up to 95, and is still quoted at about 94½.

The buyers of the latter are gambling on the chance of a new War Loan coming on in the autumn, in which they would have the right of conversion at par. Whether there will be such an issue remains, of course, to be seen; but these speculative operators could be circumvented if the new issue were to be in the form of Premium Bonds, as is suggested in a good many quarters, and in which they need not be given conversion rights. Certainly no one will sympathise with the speculators if their expectations are not, after all, realised.

THE FAITH OF PUBLIC INVESTORS.

Circumstances, chiefly in the shape of a fall in rubber, have caused a halt to be called in the Share market; but the present price of the commodity is considered to still be very satisfactory to the plantations. The latest reports and dividend have contributed to the reactionary tendency of the market.

The faith of investors in the future of the industry is, however, strikingly illustrated by the reception accorded to the Hong Kong (Selangor) and Kimanis reports, in both of which cases it is still a case of hope deferred as regards dividend payments. Moreover, as regards the Kimanis, costs will have to come down very much from the level of over 1s 9d per lb. for 1916; and the Company has also to meet a debt of £12,000 to their bankers, before it can enter the dividend list. Both Hong Kongs and Kimanis are £1 shares, the former standing at about 30s, and the latter at 25s 6d, representing very substantial premiums, despite the absence of dividends.

OILS IN GOOD FORM.

The consistent firmness of the leading Oil shares has been one of the few redeeming features of the week. There has, in fact, been a little spurt in Burmahs, which now stand at 5½, but which are considered to be worth a much higher price still, in view of the financial strength and bright prospects of the Company.

Shell Transports have held their ground at around 6, but Royal Dutch have lost some of their bloom, although, as already explained in this column, the reduction in the dividend should not have come as a surprise, in view of the considerable increase in the capital which took place during the past year. The Russian group is brightening up again, and with a continuance of more reassuring advices from Russia, the improvement may make further progress.

KAFFIRS BETTER ON THE BEWARPLAATZEN NEWS.

A dull period in Kaffir shares has been followed by a marked improvement, not only on the June dividends, but also on the announcement by cable that the Bewarplaatzen Bill has passed its third reading in the State Senate, which means that the amount of money to be divided between the Union Government and the freeholders of the Bewarplaatzen will amount to £1,750,000, of which the Central Mining Rand Mines group will receive £350,000, and others smaller amounts. The strongest share is Modder Deep, which had done best in dividends, viz., 40 per cent. against 30 per cent. for the corresponding half of last year, and these are expected to have a further rise. Other shares which are showing strength are Brakpan, City Deep, Crown Mines, Rand Selection, &c.

VALE OF LEVEN BOWLING CLUB JUBILEE.

Alexandria, Saturday Night.

The Vale of Leven Bowling Club patriotically celebrated their jubilee to-day by giving a garden party in aid of the Red Cross Society. Despite the inclement weather there was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen.

Mr Gilmour, of Woodbank, Balloch, honorary president of the club, formally opened the proceedings, and during the afternoon numerous competitions and games were engaged in.

A considerable sum was raised for the Red Cross Society.

GLASGOW CONSOLATION CUP—FINAL.
Perthshire, ... 1 Cam'slang Ran, ...

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.
Maryhill, ... 2 Bellshill Ath., ...

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.
St Mirren, ... 5 Croy Celtic, ...

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE—CHAMPIONSHIP DECIDING GAME.
Parkhead, ... 2 Petershill, ...

FIFE CUP FINAL.
Hearts of Beath, ... 2 Donbeath Star, ...

IRVINE CUP FINAL.
Stevenston Thistle, .. 3 Kilmarnock S'vale, ..

GROW BEAUTIFUL HAIR FREE!

A SUGGESTION ALL MAY ADOPT

Distribution of 1,000,000 Four-Fold Hair-Health and Beauty Outfits FREE

1. A Trial Bottle of Harlene for the Hair
2. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine.
3. A Packet of Cremex Shampoo Powder.
4. Secret Hair-Drill Manual of Instruction.

HERE is a great opportunity and a valuable gift for every reader of "The Sunday Post."

If you desire to look young and well-groomed, look to your hair. That is why the proprietors of the world-famous Hair-Growing Specific "Harlene," are offering 1,000,000 Outfits Free.

Here is a suggestion for you to adopt. Send for your Harlene Hair-Drill Four-Fold Gift and grow healthy, luxuriant and abundant hair.

Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever. Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair, when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL GIFT

There is no restriction to this Gift distribution. It is sufficient that you are troubled with any form of hair "ailment," or that you desire to improve the appearance of your hair.

The Gift Parcel comprises:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food and Dressing in one.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be dry.
4. A Copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

No hair trouble can defy the soothing, strengthening effect of "Harlene" and its scientific method of application, "Hair-Drill."

Prove the wonderful merits of "Harlene" for yourself without cost. The Gifts referred to above will be sent you immediately you post the coupon below.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1/1½, 2/9, or 4/9 per bottle.

(In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, &c., at 2/9 per tin, with full directions).

"Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/6 per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 2d each, or 1/- per box of seven shampoos.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques & P.O.s should be crossed.

Don't continue to suffer from

1. Scalp Irritation.
2. Complete or Partial Baldness.
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4. Splitting Hairs.
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FREE GIFT COUPON

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d in stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME, ...

ADDRESS, ...

.....

.....

Sunday Post, 24/6/17.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

Gazing Upon a New World.

"I NEEDN'T tell you how I arrived at the certainty you were in the power of these devils, and were being forced unwittingly to further their schemes," Ruxton proceeded. "It was instinct, it was—well, whatever you like to call it. I'll just tell you what happened."

Vita listened almost breathlessly while Ruxton told how Von Berger and his men had been trapped on board the submarine, and at the close she murmured—

"Ruxton, can you—can you ever forgive me for—what——"

"Promising to marry Von Salzinger. If I had been in your place I shouldn't have promised. I'd have married him right off if it were to save me from being murdered." Then his laugh died out abruptly. "Don't think of it, my beautiful Vita. Don't ever let the thought of it enter your dear, dear head again. If ever a poor defenceless woman went through an earthly hell, you did. Sweetheart, it's my sole purpose in life now to endeavour to place you in an earthly heaven."

He drew her to him in a passionate embrace. And so their lips met and lingered.

It was well past midnight. The house in Smith Square quite suddenly displayed renewed signs of life. A closed motor had driven up, paused, and then passed on. Then appeared many lights behind the small-paned Georgian windows.

Ruxton Farlow had returned home with his wife after a strenuous and exciting day; and with them was their devoted Yorkshire father, burning with the sense of a great triumph for his beloved son, and his almost equally beloved daughter. That day the test trip of the new submersible had been accomplished with the greatest success.

Their journey from Gravesend earlier in the evening had been broken that they might attend an informal dinner-party at Downing Street. It was a function entirely in honour of the masters of Dorby; and it had been arranged that Ruxton's colleagues in the country's Cabinet might tender their sincere congratulations and thanks for the work which he, and his father, and his wife had achieved privately in their country's cause.

It was over; and all three were relieved and thankful. But the note of triumph surging through their hearts was still dominant. Scarcely a word had passed between them in the brief run from Downing Street to Smith Square. Their hearts were as yet too full, and the memory of the words addressed to them by Sir Meeston and his colleagues was still too poignant to permit of normal conditions. Vita had leant back in the car, with her husband's arm linked through hers, and one of his powerful hands clasped in hers. She sat thus with thought teeming, and a heart thrilling with an unspeakable joy, and happiness, and triumph, all for the man at her side.

It was perhaps the profoundest and proudest moment of her life. It was a moment of perfect happiness. All she had ever dreamed of was hers; and the hand of the man she worshipped was even now, warm and strong, clasped tightly in her own.

In the house they passed up into the small drawing-room, and, for a few moments, they sat there before retiring. Slowly the spell of the day's events fell from them. It was finally Sir Andrew who released them from it.

He gazed across at Vita with twinkling eyes. His smile was full of kindly tenderness.

"Now, perhaps, I shall have time to appreciate the fact that at last I am the happy possessor of a beautiful daughter as well as a headstrong son," he said. Then, after the briefest hesitation—"Vita, my dear," he went on, in his old-fashioned manner, while his gaze took in the radiant beauty turned abruptly towards him, "it seems to me that the most wonderful thing in the world has happened to me. The long, lonely life seems to have entirely passed. I mean the loneliness which only a man can feel who is deprived for all time of the association of his own womankind. Bless you, my dear, for coming into an old man's life; and you, too, my boy," he went on, turning to the smiling Ruxton, "for having given me such a daughter."

Vita impulsively left her husband's side. She rose from the settee and crossed over to her second father and held out both her hands.

"You have made it difficult for me to say a word——" she began, smiling down upon him with her glorious eyes. Then she seemed to become speechless.

The oriflamme of her red-gold hair shone with a delicious burnish under the shaded electric light. Her flushed oval cheek glowed with a suggestion of thrilling happiness. The old man caught and held her hands, and the next moment she had bent her slimly graceful body and impressed upon his rugged cheek a kiss of deep affection.

Still she remained speechless, and she turned and glanced with dewy eyes in appeal to the great husband looking on.

"Won't you help me?" she demanded wistfully.

Ruxton laughed happily.

"Help?" he said quickly. Then he shook his head. "No, no. You don't need any help. Just tell him what you once told me. You remember." His eyes became serious. "You said, 'I love him almost as if he were really my own father.' He won't need more."

And Vita obeyed him, reciting the words almost like some child. But she meant them, and felt them, and at the last word her glance was full of a whimsical light as she added of her own initiative—

"And aren't you two dears going to smoke?"

Now turn to page 8 and read the opening chapters of "The Girl From New York," E. Phillips Oppenheim's great new story.

CLERGYMAN'S STRIKING TRIBUTE

TO THE PERMANENT CURATIVE VALUE OF ELECTRICITY

REMARKABLE CASE OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION PERMANENTLY CURED

Well-known London Institute to Send Full Particulars FREE to All Sufferers

Many readers of the "Post Sunday Special" know the name of the Rev. A. D. Cope, of Southampton, and it is his experience with Electrological Treatment that is given here in order that other sufferers may benefit.

His remarkably interesting story recently came to hand, and will certainly be read with the keenest interest by the many thousands who are suffering from Nervous Disorder, Debility, Melancholy, and General Nervous Exhaustion. In the most striking manner he gives convincing proof that in Electricity, applied by simple appliances which may be used in the home, not only can a vigorous nerve tone and abundant vitality be restored, but this restoration to health is absolutely permanent.

REV. A. D. COPE,

whose remarkable testimony to the value of home electrological treatment for the cure of nervous troubles is given here. Full particulars of this wonderful treatment are given in an illustrated booklet which may be obtained free upon application to the Electrological Institute.

CURED & HEALTHY AT 81 YEARS.

The interesting letter that the Rev. A. D. Cope has written is given here, and it must be borne in mind that it was 20 years previous to the writing of this that he took treatment, and therefore not only did Electricity secure his return to health, but his cure was absolutely permanent.

READ THIS INTERESTING LETTER.

Writing from "Pyrmont," Regent's Park, Southampton, to the Superintendent of the Pulvermacher Institute, the Rev. A. D. Cope says:—

"Many years ago I gave my opinion of your appliance; I have had no reason to alter it.

"When sorely afflicted with nerve exhaustion I tried many remedies, but I received no real benefit until I tried your Pulvermacher Appliances. Since then I have been threatened with paralysis, but a timely and persevering use of your Appliance took away every trace of the symptoms, which have never returned.

"I not only received great benefit myself from the use of your Appliances, but have seen wonderful results in the cases of others to whom I have recommended or given them. One gentleman, aged 70, who was doubled up with Sciatica, in six weeks was upright and alert as ever, and a lady, a Clergyman's widow, was quickly cured of the same complaint, and eagerly sent the appliance to a friend, who also had similar benefits. I wish you all success in your healing mission.

"I remain, dear Sirs, yours most sincerely,

"(Rev.) A. D. COPE."

This remarkable testimony from a gentleman, who is 81 years of age, and is still able to perform the arduous duties of his calling, affords the most convincing evidence why sufferers should test Electrological Treatment.

There are doubtless thousands of sufferers who would gladly know more about this wonderful treatment, and in order that everyone may secure the fullest particulars the Superintendent of the Institute will send gratis and post paid to all who apply to him a copy of the valuable Guide to Health — a 64-page book—in which a full description of the various appliances is given, and a complete explanation of how Electrological Treatment may be enjoyed in the home without any interference with social or business routine.

AN IMPORTANT OFFER TO THOSE IN ILL-HEALTH.

From abundance of conclusive proof, patients' own reports, and recommendations of British Doctors, it can be definitely stated that there is no better treatment than by Pulvermacher Electrical Appliances for such cases as:—

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION
DEBILITY
INSOMNIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
KIDNEY OR LIVER TROUBLES
CIRCULATORY DISORDERS
NEURALGIA
PARALYSIS
INDIGESTION
CONSTIPATION
DYSPEPSIA
RHEUMATISM

Exactly how you can be cured in your own home is told in the pages of the Health Guide, which will be sent if you will fill up the form given here and post it to the Head Superintendent, the Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, 56, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

POST THIS ENQUIRY COUPON TO-DAY

To the Superintendent,
PULVERMACHER ELECTROLOGICAL INSTITUTE, LTD.,
(74), Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sir,—Please send me your Free Guide to Health and Strength. Also particulars of the Pulvermacher Appliances.

NAME, ...

ADDRESS, ...

"Sunday Post," 24/6/17.

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS
TRADE MARK

are the best remedy for Children Teething; quieting their restlessness, regulating their bowels, and improving their digestion, health, and spirits.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Of Chemists and Drug Stores — 1/1½ and 2/9 per packet.

125, New North Road, London, N.

The Food Beverage for all War Workers.
Vi-Cocoa

£5-5/-
EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CYCLE

Outer Covers (guaranteed) from 3s 9d each; Inner Tubes, from 1s 11d each. Second-Hand Cycles, from 30s. Large stock of Chains, Free Wheels, Saddles, Pedals, Inflators, Lamps, Bells, Handle Bars, Brakes. WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD CYCLE. BROWN CYCLE CO., LTD., 168 Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist is rapidly exhausted. If your Chemist is unfortunately sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH,
Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—
- CHRONIC ASTHMA OF ANYEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
- TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
- LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED.
- BLOOD SPITTING
- BRONCHIAL CATARRH
- PNEUMONIA
- LARYNGITIS
- NIGHT SWEATS
- INFLUENZA
- DIFFICULT BREATHING
- QUINSY
- CROUP
- NASAL CATARRH
- RACKING COUGH
- CHOKING PHLEGM
- EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis, it will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mr Lander, of Abbey Hill, Edinburgh, on 4th June, 1917, writes:—"I have been discharged from the Army suffering from lung trouble, terrible asthma and severe bronchitis for over a year, and I have tried every known remedy and the best doctors, with no result. My neighbours strongly urged me to try 'Liqufruta.' I said I suppose it will waste my money and be like the rest—no good. However, I, last Saturday bought a bottle at Boots, and took two or three doses at night. On Sunday morning I found I had slept soundly, the first time I had been able to lie down and sleep for months. Having finished the first bottle, I got another, and it has made a new man of me; the way it fetched the phlegm up is wonderful. I am now going to work in the iron foundry." Just what happened to him can happen to you—will happen to you—for there has never been a failure yet, even if you suffer from consumption. "Liqufruta" is fifty times better than anything else.

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta
CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

Paterson's
CLENSEL
KEEPS AWAY SLUGS
No Greenfly
No Mildew
Spray the Plants with One Gill to one Gallon Water
All Grocers, &c., 7½d per bottle, or 7d bottle returned.
Your Dealer allows for the Empty bott'e.
TAKE IT BACK WHEN RE-ORDERING.

SHOPPING BY POST.
Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-mades, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

EXPLOSIVE cigarettes, bombs, itchykoo, sneezing. 30 samples, 2s 6d. Britton, Linwood St., Manchester. 2787

2/- Monthly.—Costumes, suits, raincoats, children's clothing, footwear, household linen, drapery, &c., on easy terms. Illustrated catalogue free. Castle Supply Co., Norwich. 1659

100 Best Songs.—Album, with pianoforte accompaniments, post free, 1s 6d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, 9 Scott St., Perth.

EE If your child is fretful, try a EE
STEEDMAN'S POWDER
It will relieve him
These Powders do not contain poison, nor are they a narcotic, but they act gently on the bowels and relieve feverish heat, thus preventing fits, convulsions, etc
UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVED
EE

For imposing a condition of sale, by refusing to sell potatoes without greens, Joseph Smith, a "haggler," of Spitalfields Market, was fined £20.

The leaders of the cinema industry in England are training wounded and disabled soldiers as cinema operators, picture theatre managers, and film travellers.

SOME GERMAN TOWNS WITHIN REPRISALS RANGE.

Essen—Centre of Krupps, the great gun-making, armour-plating, and high explosives works. Surrounded by other towns feverishly engaged in producing war material.

Frankfort—Second mercantile city of Germany. Big banking and exchange centre.

Cologne—Famous Cathedral city, possessing handsome boulevards, noted for treasures and arts and great modern emporiums. Flourishing centre of Rhenish Province.

Coblenz—Thriving town. Near famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 1917.

THESE TOWNS MIGHT BE RAIDED.

Duesseldorf—Junction for International Express lines; steel works and busy commercial centre.

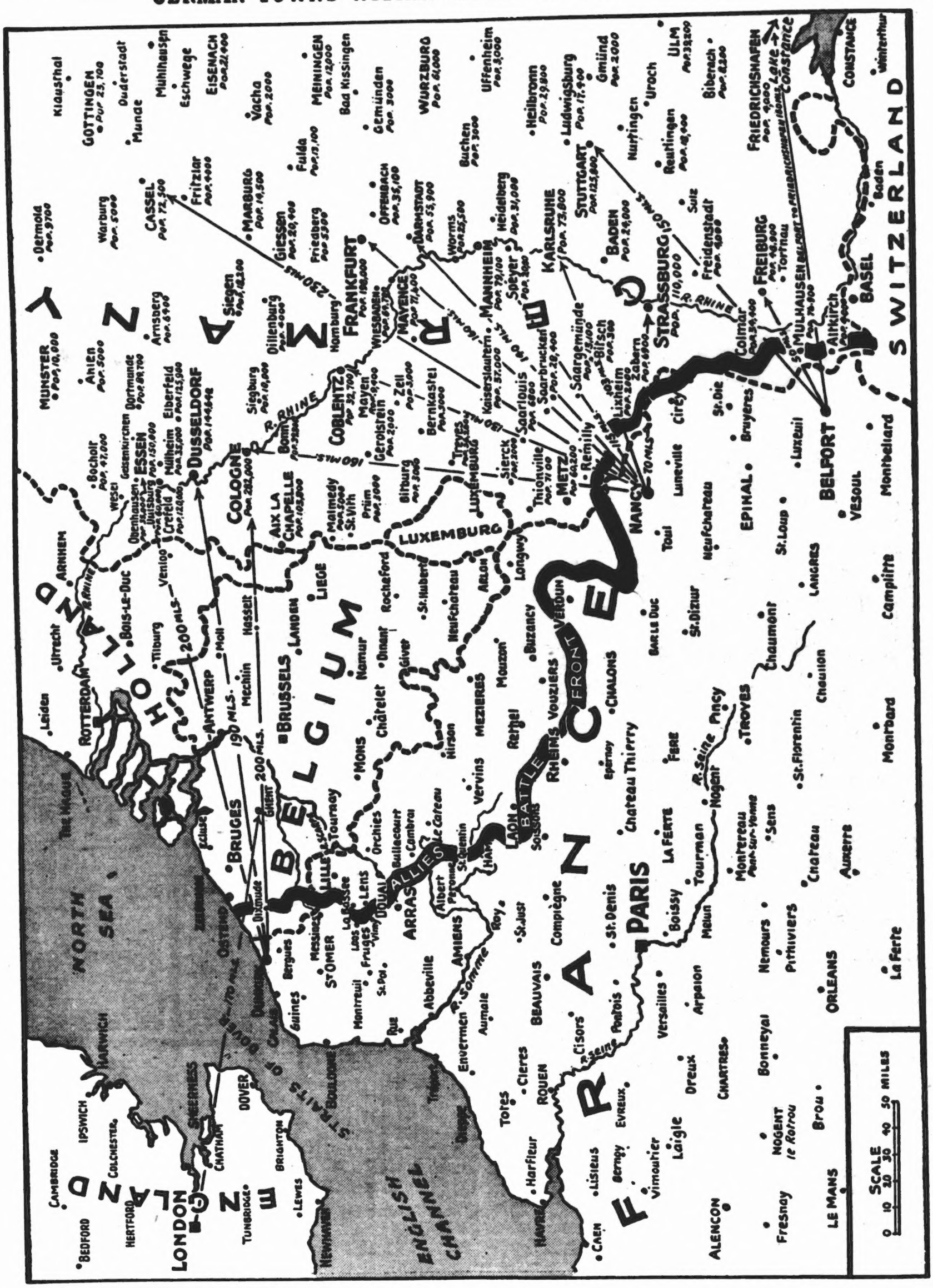
Mannheim—South German commercial centre. Junction of Neckar and Rhine. Big inland port. Built like American city.

Aix-la-Chapelle—Big troop train junction; iron and steel industries. Cathedral city.

Berne—Home of German Professor who stirals Britain in speech and writing.

Cassel.—Important railway centre. Locomotive and rolling stock building works.

GERMAN TOWNS WITHIN RANGE OF OUR AIRCRAFT.


Detmold Pop. 9700
Klausthal
GOTTINGEN Pop. 25,700
Duderstadt
Munde
Muhlhausen
Eschwege
EISENACH Pop. 21400
Vacha Pop. 2000
MEININGEN Pop. 12000
Bad Kissingen
Gemünden Pop. 3000
WURZBURG Pop. 61,000
Uffenheim Pop. 3000
Buchen Pop. 3000
Fulda Pop. 13,100
Warburg Pop. 5000
CASSEL Pop. 72,300
Fritzlar Pop. 4000
MARBURG Pop. 14,500
Giessen Pop. 28,400
Friedberg Pop. 5300
OFFENBACH Pop. 35,100
DARMSTADT Pop. 53,900
Worms Pop. 25,500
Heidelberg Pop. 34,000
MANNHEIM Pop. 79,100
Speyer Pop. 3000
Heilbronn Pop. 29,800
Ludwigsburg Pop. 17,400
Gmünd Pop. 2000
Nurtingen
Urach
ULM Pop. 33200
Biberach Pop. 8200
Reutlingen Pop. 18,400
FRIEDRICHSHAFEN Pop. 4000
Lake Constance
CONSTANCE
Winterthur
SWITZERLAND
Munster Pop. 10,000
Ahlen Pop. 5000
Armsberg Pop. 6400
Siegen Pop. 42,100
Dillenburg Pop. 4000
Hamburg
FRANKFURT Pop. 190,000
WIESBADEN Pop. 86,700
MAYENCE Pop. 77,400
KARLSRUHE Pop. 73,800
STUTTGART Pop. 125,800
BADEN Pop. 24,000
STRASSBURG Pop. 110,000
Suse
Freidenstadt Pop. 4000
FREIBURG Pop. 48,900
Torfnau
Dortmund Pop. 89,700
Elberfeld Pop. 125,000
Siegburg Pop. 10,000
Bocholt Pop. 47,000
Gelsenkirchen
ESSEN Pop. 150,000
Mülheim Pop. 35,000
DUSSELDORF Pop. 144,648
Wesel
Obenhausen Pop. 35,000
Crefeld Pop. 124,000
Duisburg Pop. 60,000
COLOGNE Pop. 282,000
R. RHINE
Bonn Pop. 32,000
COBLENTZ Pop. 32,700
Mayen Pop. 4900
Gerolstein Pop. 2000
Zell Pop. 3000
Bernkastel Pop. 3000
Kaiserslautern Pop. 37,000
Saarbrucken Pop. 28,400
Saargemünde Pop. 13,000
Bitsch Pop. 300
Saarlouis Pop. 6800
Sierck Pop. 2000
Trèves
Lixheim Pop. 2000
Zabern Pop. 6500
Colmar Pop. 34,400
MULHAUSEN Pop. 78,900
Altkirch Pop. 5400
BASEL
Baden
Ensisheim
Arnhem
Venloo
Malmedy Pop. 5000
St. Vith
Prüm Pop. 3000
Bitburg Pop. 3000
LUXEMBURG
Thionville Pop. 11,100
METZ Pop. 68,200
Rémilly
Pont à Mousson
NANCY
Toul
Luneville
Cirey
St. Dié
Bruyeres
EPINAL
Luxeuil
BELFORT
VESOUL
Montbeliard
Campiitte
Hasselt
AIX LA CHAPELLE Pop. 102,800
LIEGE
Rochefort
St. Hubert
Neufchateau
Arlon
Longwy
Briey
Conflans
Pont à Mousson
Toul
Neufchateau
St. Loup
LANGRES
St. Dizier
Thaumont
Chaumont
Bois-le-Duc
Tilburg
Venloo
Utrecht
Leiden
ROTTERDAM
THE HAGUE
HOLLAND
ANTWERP
Mechlin
BRUSSELS
Landen
Namur
Dinant
Givet
Charleroi
MONS
Châtelet
Orchies
Bullecourt
Cambrai
ALLIES
ARRAS
Albert
Péronne
St. Quentin
Hirson
Vervins
MEZIERES
Mouzon
Buzancy
Rethel
VOUZIERS
RHEIMS
SOISSONS
LAON
BATTLE FRONT
Epernay
CHALONS
Chateau Thierry
Fère
La Ferté
Pinay
R. Seine
Nogent
TROYES
St. Florentin
Chaource
Chaulion
Montbard
Auxerre
Sens
Monterau Fault-Yonne
Tournan
Melun
Boissy
Compiègne
St. Denis
PARIS
St. Just
Roy
Amiens
Abbeville
Aumale
Envermeu
R. Somme
Beauvais
Cisors
R. Seine
Pontois
Versailles
Dreux
Arpaion
Chartres
Bonneval
Nemours
Pithiviers
Chateau
Orleans
La Ferte
Brou
Nogent le Rotrou
Fresnay
Vimoutier
Bernay
Evreux
Lisieux
Caen
Alencon
Le Mans
Harfleur
Havre
Tôtes
Cleres
Rouen
Dieppe
Treport
St. Valery
Eu
Le Crotoy
Abbeville
Montreuil
St. Pol
Fruges
Vimy
Lens
La Bassee
Lille
Tourcoing
Roubaix
Tournay
Menin
Ypres
Dixmude
Ostend
Zeebrugge
Bruges
Ghent
Alost
Termonde
Malines
Louvain
Tirlemont
Huy
Liege
Verviers
Eupen
Malmedy
St. Vith
Prüm
Bitburg
Trèves
Sierck
Thionville